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# The Listener

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*Specially drawn for THE LISTENER by Edward Bishop, R.B.A.*

New Year 1956



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# The Listener

Vol. LIV. No. 1400

Thursday December 29 1955

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AS A NEWSPAPER

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## The Queen's Christmas Broadcast

### Her Majesty's message to the Commonwealth

NO doubt you have been listening, as I have, to the messages which have been reaching us from all over the world. I always feel that just for these few minutes the march of history stops, while we listen to each other and think of each other on Christmas Day.

For my husband and myself, and for our children, the year that is passing has added to our store of happy memories. We have spent most of it in this country, and we have enjoyed seeing many parts of the British Isles which we had not visited before. Now, a new year will soon be upon us and we are looking forward to seeing something of Nigeria, that great country in Equatorial Africa where more than 30,000,000 of my people have their homes. For them, and for all of us, each new year is an adventure into the unknown. Year by year new secrets of nature are being revealed to us by science: secrets of immense power, for good or evil, according to their use.

These discoveries resolve some of our problems, but they make others deeper and more immediate. A hundred years ago our knowledge of the world's surface was by no means complete. Today most of the blanks have been filled in. Our new explorations are into new territories of scientific knowledge and into the unknown regions of human behaviour. We have still to solve the problem of living peaceably together as peoples and as nations. We shall need the faith and determination of our forebears, when they crossed uncharted seas into the hidden interiors of Africa and Australia, to guide us on our journeys into the undiscovered realms of the human spirit. In the words of our Poet Laureate:

Though you have conquered Earth and chartered Sea  
And planned the courses of all Stars that be,  
Adventure on, more wonders are in Thee.

Adventure on, for from the littlest clue  
Has come whatever worth man ever knew;  
The next to lighten all men may be you.

We must adventure on if we are to make the world a better place. All my peoples of the Commonwealth and Empire have their part to play in this voyage of discovery. We travel all together, just as the Maori tribes sailed all together into the mysterious South Pacific to find New Zealand.

There are certain spiritual values which inspire all of us. We try to express them in our devotion to freedom, which means respect for the individual and equality before the law. Parliamentary government is also a part of this heritage. We believe in the conception of a Government and Opposition and the right to criticise and defend. All these things are part of the natural life of our free Commonwealth.

Great opportunities lie before us. Indeed, a large part of the world looks to the Commonwealth for a lead. We have already gone far towards discovering for ourselves how different nations from north and south, from east and west can live together in a friendly brotherhood; pooling the resources of each for the benefit of all. Every one of us can also help in this great adventure. For just as the Commonwealth is made up of different nations, so those



nations are made up of individuals. The greater the enterprise the more important our personal contribution.

The Christmas message to each of us is indivisible. There can be no peace on earth without goodwill toward men. Scientists talk of chain reaction, of power releasing yet more power. This principle must be most true when it is applied to the greatest power of all; the power of love.

My grandfather, King George V, in one of his broadcasts when I was a little girl, called upon his peoples in these words: 'Let each of you be ready and proud to give to his country the service

of his work, his mind, and his heart'. That is surely the first step to set in motion the chain reaction of the powers of light, illuminate the new age ahead of us. And the second step is this: understand with sympathy the point of view of others, within our own country and in the Commonwealth, as well as those outside. In this way we can bring our unlimited spiritual resources to bear upon the world.

As this Christmas passes and time resumes its march, let us resolve that the spirit of Christmas shall stay with us, as we journey into the unknown year that lies ahead.

## Teachers and Their Pensions

Three points of view on the controversy about the Government's proposals

I—By SIR RONALD GOULD

General Secretary of the National Union of Teachers

**T**HERE is no doubt about it, the teachers are angry. From all over the country come protests, resolutions, and demands for militant and yet more militant action. Nothing quite like this has happened before.

Why have sober, respectable, law-abiding teachers, normally so correct in their behaviour, suddenly erupted in this fashion? If you look only at the proposed increase in teachers' pension contributions, which amounts to a few pounds a year, you might conclude, as a few newspapers have done, that the teachers are making a fuss about nothing at all, or at best about very little.

To begin with, most people do not realise that this is only one in a series of attempts to increase the rate of contribution. In 1918, teachers had a free pension scheme. Four years later, the Government, on grounds of economy, cut teachers' salaries by five per cent. to pay for pensions. Teachers have never forgotten nor forgiven the Government for this shabby treatment. In 1936 it looked as if the rate was going up to six per cent. But teachers protested, and the contribution remained the same. Last year, Miss Horsbrugh tried again and failed. Now, another and a fourth attempt is being made, and the teachers' patience is just about exhausted.

Obviously, the teachers' position cannot be understood unless you know how they have been treated in the past, or how other public servants are treated. Whenever contributions have been increased in other schemes, the new rates have applied only to new entrants and never to existing servants. Why should teachers not be treated in the same way?

The public has been given the impression that the new pensions bill gives teachers millions of pounds to make their pension scheme solvent. But, in fact, the Government's proposals for meeting deficiencies do for teachers only what has already been done for others, and what should have been done for teachers thirty years ago.

It is true, there are certain minor improvements in benefits. But the cost of these is small, and certainly nothing like the two per cent. of salaries which teachers and local authorities are asked to pay. It is all very well for a complacent politician or an archbishop to regard us as petty and unreasonable. But what sort of reaction do they expect when many of my colleagues have suffered four attempts to raise pensions contributions, or, if you like, to cut their salaries, and when they are treated worse than other public servants? Anyhow, teachers have been roused, and they are determined to convince the public of the justice of their case. As an expression of their resentment they have decided to refrain from collecting school-savings next term. Some newspapers criticise this, saying the children will suffer. Unfortunately for teachers, if verbal protests fail, any other form of protest inevitably involves the children. But of all the actions that might have been taken, this one affects children the least, because other facilities for saving can be used.

At all events, the National Union of Teachers' action has focused attention on teachers' problems, and many people are realising for the first time that they are not having a square deal. Teachers are dissatisfied about their salaries, too. In most cases, these are now worth con-

siderably less than before the war, and even then it was recognised that the profession was underpaid. While wages generally have been rising, teachers' salaries have lagged further and further behind. I wonder a reduction of even one per cent. in income is regarded as too last straw.

To me, the way out of the present difficulty is clear. Even at this late hour, the Government should change its superannuation proposals. The teachers and local authorities should work out together a settlement giving teachers the higher salaries people now recognise they deserve. If these things were done, anger would subside and once more teachers would give undivided attention to the children.

II—By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

M.P. (Conservative), Devizes Division of Wilts

I FEEL THAT the trouble with so many of the critics of the pension scheme is that they tend to speak solely for one of the parties to the problem—the teachers—and to concentrate solely on one particular item of the scheme—that of the increased contribution from the teachers. Naturally enough if you ask people if they would sooner pay out five per cent. or six per cent., it is a very rare bird who plumps for six per cent. But it is not quite as easy as that.

Teachers' pensions are regulated by an act that was passed in 1919 and which has since been used impartially by governments of every political party. One of the sections of that act requires that every seven years there should be an actuarial report on how the fund is working. Such a report was made in 1948, under the Labour Government, and it said that there was a very large actuarial deficit. Indeed, if contributions are collected at one level of salaries, and then salaries increase a pensions are paid on the new, higher salaries, and if at the same time people go on living longer, such a deficit is inevitable. The National Union of Teachers, I understand, do not dispute the actuary's figures, and do not deny that, if the scheme is to be maintained, some further money has to be found somewhere.

That being so, the only real issue is whether the further money should be found by the Exchequer, by the local authorities, or by the teachers themselves. The teachers claim that it should be found by local authorities or by the Exchequer. The answer of the Government is to agree that a large proportion of the extra burden should fall on the Exchequer and the local authorities. The Exchequer is to accept the full responsibility for the past deficit. Any deficit that may appear in the future is to be borne by the local authorities. The contribution of the local authorities is to be increased from five per cent. to six per cent. along with that of the teacher. There are a number of other improvements in pensions arrangements, many of which will cost money. But local authorities have to answer to voters and ratepayers. By far the largest element in rates is the education rate, and, unfortunately, perhaps, education and teachers are not universally popular with every sort of ratepayer. And the local authorities have made it abundantly clear that, unless some contribution is forthcoming from the teachers, they simply would not accept the scheme—above all, would not accept the clause by which they have to shoulder the responsibility for future deficits. That being so, the bill seems to me a very fair bargain.



## III—By W. P. ALEXANDER

Secretary of the Association of Education Committees

I THINK THE IMPORTANT THING on this matter from the point of view of local education authorities is that, in fairness, the extent should be made clear to which they are offering essentially the same terms to the teachers as they offer to other local government servants. Sir Ronald Gould made clear that in 1936 there was a case actuarially for increasing the teachers' contributions, but their protests led to its being deferred, so that, in fact, since then, over the years, the amount of the contributions has not been enough to provide the benefits and a substantial deficiency has been built up.

In the local government service, apart from the teachers, in 1937 it was necessary to make six per cent. the level of contribution of employees and of local authorities. It is true that existing local government servants were left at five per cent., but in that case there was a minority of local government servants then under the scheme, which was voluntary, where the new scheme was going to be compulsory. In the case of

teachers, the intake of teachers will be reduced rather than increased in the future, and therefore it has been decided that the only way to make the fund solvent is that the six per cent. should apply to all teachers. But the important thing, and the important difference from Miss Horsburgh's proposals, is that the teachers are guaranteed for the future. So far as local authorities are concerned they are offering, as they see it, the same terms to the teachers as they offer to their other servants.

Only one comment on salaries. Salaries are negotiated between teachers and local education authorities by voluntary agreement, and the present salaries have been agreed. If there are proposals for new salaries I, for myself, would be certain that the Burnham Committee would examine these proposals as sympathetically and as carefully as they always have done in the past; and I would share Sir Ronald Gould's hope that future agreements would be reached as past agreements have been reached, and that they might prove to be acceptable to teachers. Agreements having been reached voluntarily it is idle to pretend that if they are unfavourable they have been forced on the teachers. Voluntary agreements must be honoured.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

## The Birth of a New Nation

SIR HILARY BLOOD on planning the British Caribbean Federation

I SPENT this summer working on an interesting, exciting, and, I must also say, a difficult, job. I was one of three commissioners planning the machinery for an entirely new government, the future federal government of the British West Indies. A federation is never an easy thing to bring into being, but in the case of the British Caribbean Federation it has peculiar problems. The units are not joined

in a land mass like Australia; they are mostly made up of scores of islands—some of them very tiny—scattered over a million and more square miles of sea. Perhaps it will give an idea of what it means if I say that when I first came to Grenada as Colonial Secretary, twenty-five years ago, it was several years before I ever got to the neighbouring island of St. Lucia. It used to take you a day—or even two days—to reach another island, provided you could get a ship at all. I want to stress this because many people here in this country think of the West Indies as a 'place'. But one basic reason why federation has not happened long ago is that people in the West Indies have not thought of the West Indies as a 'place', nor of themselves as West Indians.

They have thought of themselves as Barbadians, Trinidadians, Jamaicans, and so on. They have lived unto themselves as self-contained units, and were entirely ingrowing. People in Barbados thought that people in St. Vincent were odd and the people in St. Vincent thought the people in Antigua were odd—naturally enough, since they very seldom saw each other. There were also racial differences between them. All Europe had been through one or other of these islands and left traces: the Dutch had been there, and the French and the Spaniards and the Portuguese, as well as ourselves: there were a few remaining aborigines, the Caribs: and there was a great number of Indians who first came in as indentured labour, and, of course, the Africans who were brought over as slaves.

And here and there there is a dash of North and South America and a sprinkling of Chinese.

But there was something else, I believe, which was important in separating them and that was the difference in their products. Take the Windward Group, for instance: Grenada produces nutmegs and mace and cocoa but very little sugar. St. Vincent, on the

other hand, grows no nutmegs or cocoa but does grow arrowroot and cotton. In the Leeward Islands you get cotton and sugar, and a bit further north it is cotton only; and then you have the entirely sugar islands; and there is Trinidad which has oil and pitch and Jamaica which has most things. Naturally enough all these people worked their resources and had different export interests. You would not expect the same point of view between them, any more than you would between a vine-grower in southern France and a distillery worker in Scotland.

There have been discussions about federation on and off for the last hundred years, but they never got anywhere. There was even one famous occasion in 1876 when the Governor of

Barbados, one of my illustrious predecessors, was instructed by the Colonial Office to federate with some of the nearby islands, and when he tried to do what he was told was answered by immediate and violent explosion—a riot, in fact. The people of Barbados made it clear that they did not want to be federated with anyone; they wanted to be left alone.

Yet, at last, federation does seem to be coming, and the urge for it arises not from us but from the West Indies itself. Why has the feeling changed? The war, bringing its common dangers and privations, had a unifying effect, of course, but I think the change has come about chiefly since the war, and in a large measure it is owing to air travel. Within the





last ten years or so the day's journey between, say, Barbados and Grenada, has shrunk to about three-quarters of an hour. The people who count in all the islands are constantly meeting each other now—flying to someone else's island to see how something is done, to another island for a business discussion. The result is they are finding out that they are not so different from each other as they thought: and they have become nation-conscious for the first time. Many people who called themselves Vincentians or Antiguan ten years ago now say 'I am a West Indian'. Then, the regional organisations for welfare and development, economics, and so on, which were set up after the war, and above all the Imperial College in Trinidad and the new university in Jamaica have speeded up this process, too.

### Centralising the Experts

Then there are the economic and political pressures of the twentieth century. It is becoming obvious, for instance, that a little island with a population of 5,000 or 10,000 people cannot afford to bid for a high-powered expert on cotton growing. And yet they all need expert staff if they are going to produce more—and this they must do to support their populations. So the experts must be centralised. Again, an unknown politician from a small island cannot argue effectively with governments of powerful countries about prices and markets; but it will be a different matter if you have a Federal Minister speaking on behalf of the whole of the West Indies' 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 people. And, finally, none of these places could ever hope to be a Dominion on its own; you cannot have Dominions consisting of a few square miles and a handful of people. But the whole British Caribbean Federation could become a Dominion and so reach full political stature.

We are now at the stage of working on the problems involved in actually creating a federation. Federation became a practical possibility at a remarkable conference held at Montego Bay in Jamaica in 1947. Mr. Creech Jones, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, was the chairman, and it was his enthusiasm and his remarkable handling of that conference that made it a real jumping-off spot. Following on this conference, a committee of West Indian politicians was set up to work out the general form for federation. It was called the Standing Closer Association Committee, and a very fine piece of work it did. Its report comprehended very delicately—and not too precisely—all kinds of divergent views and made them fit together. This report was then discussed in the local legislatures and in two further conferences. At last the stage was reached at which details of staff and costs had to be worked out, and we three commissioners were sent out this summer to do just this. I myself was working on the creation of the federal Civil Service, Sir Alan Smith was concerned with judicial arrangements and the Federal Supreme Court, and Sir Sydney Caine was dealing with finance.

Now for some of the difficulties we came up against. In the first place, federation is going to cost the islands some money—because they all want to keep their present form of government, and financing the new federal government, and its capital, will have to come over and above that. This may not matter so much to a rich island like Trinidad, nor perhaps to the very poor islands, who are still to get grants from Britain for a few years. But there are islands that are not very rich but are very proud and are anxious not to be beneficiaries of Her Majesty's Treasury: Barbados is a case in point. The richer islands are concerned with making the federal set-up not only efficient but as big a show—as it can reasonably be. The poorer islands want something a good deal more modest.

Another problem is that we do not know even yet on which island the federal capital will be: it is all *in vacuo*. In fact, while working, we used to call the possible capital 'the island of Vacuo'. This affects costs, particularly staffing costs, considerably. The whole matter of finance and revenue is a difficult one indeed.

Another big problem is to envisage how much power the federal government will wish to assume. It will, of course, legislate on subjects where there is no room for local variation and which are essential to the federation's existence—e.g., defence, external affairs, exchange control, federal courts and services and institutions which it finances. Then there are other things (far more of them) in which the federal government and the unit governments may both be interested, but if they both legislate the federal government's legislation is the one that counts. Things like banking, population movements, currency, postal services, and so on, come into this category. The S.C.A.C. Report set out in detail these two categories—what it called the fields of legislation.

But many other matters are not either decisively federal or local affairs. Take education, for instance. Primary education will be entirely an affair of the unit governments; and yet one of the most important and expensive things the federal government is going to do is to make the grant on behalf of all the unit governments to the University College. Heaven forbid that a university should be run by a government, but a government cannot write a cheque for so large a sum as that without taking an interest in the receiver. That is an example of the sort of problem one is running up against in this question of powers. I believe myself that public opinion will eventually insist on the federal government taking over many more responsibilities. But that is for the federal government to decide.

Another problem, particularly for some of the smaller islands, is how to staff the local administrative services when the federal government comes along and scrapes the cream off them for itself. The bigger islands, like Jamaica, began some years ago to train and build up their own administrative services. But the smaller islands never had an administrative machine of their own and they have no men to spare. Until they have trained enough staff—and it is important that they should be given as much help as possible to do this—they have neither officers for themselves nor to spare for the federal set-up. The manning of a Civil Service for the federation and the units is going to be difficult at first.

The general form of the federation will not be quite like any other in the Commonwealth, or anywhere else. Broadly, it follows the Australian model in that the federal government takes the minimum of power and leaves as much as possible to the individual units. But it has some peculiar features: one is that the federation will contain islands which are dependent on Her Majesty's Treasury for paying their bills. That is, the present grants will continue for a time, though in future they will be administered by the federal government—rather an interesting constitutional point. But what we three this summer were chiefly concerned about was to set up a modest but efficient headquarters organisation and to leave room for development and growth: not, in fact, to draw many hard-and-fast lines.

It is important to remember that constitutional government and democratic forms are an old story to the West Indies. The first British settlers who came out set up their governments on the model that they knew at home. There was not the problem that arose in Africa or Asia of introducing—or imposing—a new political system and way of thought on the population because there was no existing population to speak of: virtually the whole population of the West Indies—white, brown, and black—was, originally, imported. The result is that most West Indians have grown up from the beginning in the same political tradition. Another trouble we do not usually get in these islands is the colour question. The only place where a marked colour bar exists is in Barbados. Generally speaking, the West Indian of white stock regards himself as just as much a good West Indian as his coloured neighbours and that is the reason why we do not get in the West Indies the disunity we meet in Malaya, say, between the Chinese and Malays, or in Nigeria between the different African races.

### Final Decisions in February

There are now two questions to be answered. Does the federal scheme cover all the Caribbean territories, and when will federation actually happen? At the London Conference of 1953 British Guiana and British Honduras were not prepared to become members of the proposed federation. Nevertheless the door has been left wide open for them to come in later if they change their minds. As regards dates, after all these years of discussion and examination the time for final decision has now come. In February next year the West Indian representatives are coming to London to make these final decisions, and then will follow the legislation needed to bring the Federation into being: a short enabling Act of Parliament and a detailed Order by the Sovereign in Council. After that, the first federal elections will take place—how soon after is a matter for the West Indians themselves to decide: those who wish them well in this country hope it will be soon.

From the Federation will come—in not so many years, I think—a new Dominion. We over here, in fact, are watching the birth of a new nation across the Atlantic: a new nation and a new member for the British Commonwealth of Nations.—*Home Service*

*Seeds of Progress: Stories of Technical Assistance* is the title of an illustrated pamphlet just published by the United Nations Department of Public Information. It may be obtained from the Stationery Office, price 2s.



# Britain and Argentina: a Decline in Confidence

By GEORGE PENDLE

SINCE the last war, South Americans—and British residents in that part of the world—have complained that the United Kingdom is neglecting the commercial and industrial opportunities that they see awaiting us there. The opportunities certainly are dazzling; but the rebuke is not entirely justified: many important British concerns even now are starting up, or enlarging their already existing enterprises, in South America. And in the past 150 years Great Britain has had a more thorough experience of the region than any other external Power. In our prolonged and intimate connection with South America—and above all with Argentina—there have been periods of the utmost enthusiasm alternating with quite explicable disillusionment. It would be unorthodox, but I believe true, to say that we only give to South America the attention that it deserves when we need South America.

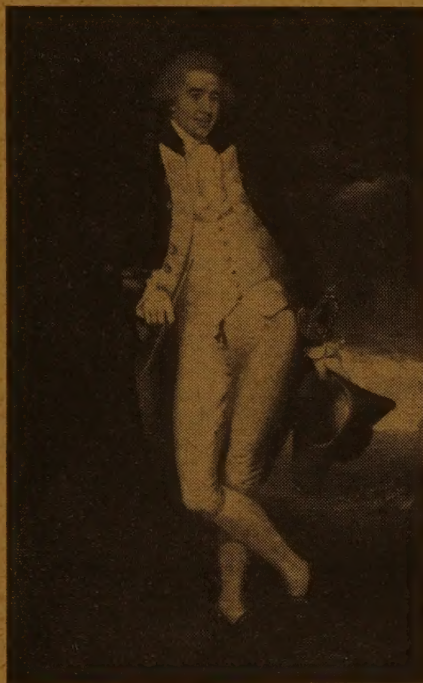
The first large British adventure in the country that is now Argentina occurred in the year 1806, when Commodore Sir Home Popham and Colonel Beresford (with a small contingent of troops) set out from Cape Town on their own initiative, crossed the South Atlantic, and captured the town of Buenos Aires, at that time a possession of Spain, then an ally of Napoleon. Popham had long dabbled in mercantile transactions; he recognised that the River Plate was an ideal market for Britain's rapidly expanding industries; and he sent home to London the most glowing reports of the wealth and other attractions of the region. His compatriots were assured of the 'extreme healthiness of the climate'. The local ladies in the evening wore taffeta petticoats ornamented at the bottom with gold lace; 'and their stockings interwoven with the same metal in so fanciful a manner as to display the shape of the leg to the most luxuriant advantage'; their general head-dress was 'either a handkerchief of gold gauze braided with diamonds, or else chains of gold pearls, twisted in and out with their shining black hair'. Although Europeans would find the water of the River Plate impure for drinking, nevertheless 'Providence has planted for the benefit of man, in all the different islands of the river, a vast variety of medicinal herbs'. The pastures were described as extraordinarily fertile, and 'The soil [was] so overrich it would not need manure of any kind'. As evidence

that part of the world—have complained that the United Kingdom is neglecting the commercial and industrial opportunities that they see awaiting us there. The opportunities certainly are dazzling; but the rebuke is not entirely justified: many important British concerns even now are starting up, or enlarging their already existing enterprises, in South America. And in the past 150 years Great Britain has had a more thorough experience of the region than any other external Power. In our prolonged and intimate connection with South America—and above all with Argentina—there have been periods of the utmost enthusiasm alternating with quite explicable disillusionment. It would be unorthodox, but I believe true, to say that we only give to South America the attention that it deserves when we need South America.

Meanwhile, however, the citizens of Buenos Aires had risen up and defeated Beresford's occupying troops, who surrendered and were interned. Therefore, when the British merchantmen reached the River Plate, they were unable to approach Buenos Aires and were forced to anchor on the opposite side of the river at the then poverty-stricken town of Montevideo. 'Down at one fell swoop', wrote a young Scotsman who was among the company of disappointed merchants, 'tumbled all the castles in the air'. Now stranded in Montevideo (he added) were 'about 6,000 English subjects, of whom 4,000 were military, 2,000 merchants, traders, adventurers; and a dubious crew which could scarcely pass muster, even under the latter designation. Hundreds of British ships were lying in the [Uruguayan] harbour'. In July 1807 an attempt by General Whitelocke to recapture Buenos Aires was a disastrous failure, and he was compelled to agree to evacuate the whole River Plate area.

The British merchants and speculators who had been waiting for so many months on the wrong side of the river were indignant. To meet their commitments at home, they had had to dispose of their goods at steadily falling prices—much of the merchandise being, as one of our military officers recorded in his diary, 'old rubbish that had been lying up for years in the warehouses [in England]' and which the local dealers, on opening the packages, found to be 'not only far inferior to the samples, but, in many instances, totally unfit for use, [especially] the hardware, which was in such a state as almost to be inseparable from the paper the articles were wrapped in, so thickly were they encrusted with rust'. Anyhow, most of the British troops and merchants obeyed General Whitelocke's stern instructions to embark for England. Thus did Britain's military and mercantile invasion of the River Plate come to an ignominious end in September 1807.

But many voyagers, who had seen for themselves the potentialities of this part of South America, soon returned. And as Spain gradually lost control over her River Plate possessions, so did the opportunities for British trade increase. Soon there was a British Club at Buenos Aires (known as the Commercial Rooms) where the British business men could read English newspapers; and before long they had their own Anglican church, their cemetery, and their lending library. They astonished the local population by engaging in sport—as when a certain Dr. Dick won a walking race. This gentleman (it is



Commodore Sir Home Popham (1762-1820), who, with Colonel Beresford, captured Buenos Aires in 1806

National Portrait Gallery



The waterfront, Buenos Aires, c. 1824

that their optimism was not unfounded, Popham and Beresford despatched to London nearly \$1,100,000 of prize money that they had seized from the Spaniards in Buenos Aires. This booty was paraded through the West End and City of London in September 1806 in eight waggons, each drawn by six horses, adorned with flags and ribbons. On the flags was inscribed the word 'TREASURE'.

Small wonder, then, that in Britain there were visions of new markets and of limitless wealth. And Britain needed Ar-



recorded) 'accomplished twenty-four miles with the utmost ease to himself in five hours and seventeen minutes, and then walked one mile more to make all sure as to distance, . . . concluding amid the cheers of everyone on the ground'. By 1822, half of the annual imports into Buenos Aires were of British origin. A British Consul—Woodbine Parish—was appointed in 1823, and he reported that in Buenos Aires:

The manufactures of Great Britain are become articles of primary necessity. The gaucho is everywhere clothed in them. . . . If his wife has a gown, ten to one it is made in Manchester; the camp kettle in which he cooks his food, the earthenware he eats from, the knife, his poncho, spurs, bit, all are imported from England.

By 1824 there were at least 3,000 British subjects in Buenos Aires, and this community continued to grow.

### Mania for Speculation

However, one of the recurrent periods of disillusionment regarding South America developed in the late eighteen-twenties and the eighteen-thirties. A mania for speculating in South America had swept Great Britain in 1824 and 1825, when huge sums were invested in ill-conceived schemes and in bonds which the new and unstable South American Government placed on the London market. By 1840 the majority of the joint-stock companies had collapsed, and most of the government bonds were worthless. An example of one type of venture at this time was the attempt by two Scotsmen, the Parish Robertson brothers, to establish an agricultural settlement at Monte Grande in the province of Buenos Aires. The colonists, who were recruited in Scotland, 'were chosen [it was said] with a view at once to their agricultural skill and their religious and moral character'. They were farmers, bricklayers, blacksmiths, carpenters, milkmaids, and servants, men, women, and children numbering 220 in all. They sailed from Leith in 1825 together with all the necessary agricultural implements and machinery, and on arrival at Monte Grande they set to work—very successfully—to cultivate the pampa. Their butter and cheese were greatly sought after in Buenos Aires. But the project was premature and too ambitious; funds were inadequate; civil war raged over the country, and the colony was invaded time after time by rival bands of horsemen who plundered and sacked the farms. So the colonists were obliged to disperse, and the Parish Robertsons lost the £60,000 that they invested in the venture. The wholesale financial disasters of this period were followed by the long dictatorship of Rosas, when France and Britain blockaded Buenos Aires, and trade was disrupted.

Rosas was overthrown in 1852, and a new era of optimism began. The losses of the past were forgotten. Great Britain proceeded to convert Argentina into an economic dependency of her own, teaching the local cattle-raisers to breed animals that would satisfy the British appetite for meat; selling to the Argentines not only the usual textiles and hardware, but also pedigree livestock, and barbed wire to divide the boundless pampa into enormous rectangles; and building a vast system of railways to convey the produce of the land to Buenos Aires for shipment to the British Isles. In 1890, the wife of a railway director went out to Argentina to see what had been accomplished by the company. One day she wrote in her diary:

We are up very early. We have a special train for this trip, and before starting we inspect the different carriages, which are very comfortable, consisting of sleeper, and dining car, with a pretty kitchen, looked after by the *chef*, who is very smart in his pretty white cap and apron. Everything looks most clean and comfortable. We chat, read, and look about. . . . I am told that not so very long ago all this apparently barren land was inhabited by Indians.

### British Subjects in Argentina

Argentina was being transformed indeed; and the British stake in the republic was ever increasing in importance. By 1913 our investments in Argentina totalled £400,000,000, giving an average annual return of between 4 and 5 per cent. By 1930 the British and Anglo-Argentine community numbered about 50,000, and there were more British subjects resident in Argentina (as there still are today) than in any other foreign country in the world. We referred to the capital city familiarly as 'B.A.' Many of the suburbs had English names. Out at Hurlingham Club, on the outskirts of the city, British business men in blazers and white flannels smoked their pipes, read *Punch* and *The Tatler*, and discussed the merits of the club's cricket eleven. The British schools—staffed by masters and mistresses imported from the British Isles—made little or no attempt to conform to the Argentine curriculum; nor did British housewives make much effort to become

proficient in the local language. The big British-owned stores of the Knightsbridge type in Buenos Aires were stocked almost exclusively with British goods. In 1933 the Roca-Runciman trade and finance agreement formally confirmed that Argentina's economy was dependent on that of the United Kingdom.

Nevertheless, in the nineteen-thirties, in spite of these signs of British self-confidence and supremacy, another phase of disillusionment was already beginning. The dividends of British shareholders in the tramway, railway, and other public utility companies had dwindled during the world-wide financial crisis. New local industries—which had been given great stimulus by the shortage of manufactured imports during the first world war—were producing more and more of the 'consumer goods' which formerly had come from Britain. Nationalism was growing. One Argentine writer, for example, declared that the railways were an unnatural pattern of communications which had been imposed upon the country not with the purpose of developing the national economy, but for the benefit of people overseas. He said: 'Our railways are the equivalent of pounds sterling in steel, their function being to produce more pounds sterling, not wealth'. Meanwhile more and more people complained that the British-owned tramcars were antiquated and dilapidated (which was true) and that the railways were now quite insufficient for the requirements of the nation's fast-growing economy (this also was true).

With the second world war, the demand for 'economic independence' became increasingly insistent. Great Britain was unable to supply adequate quantities of such traditional articles as coal, steel, railway equipment, and 'consumer goods' in exchange for the meat which Argentina continued to ship to the United Kingdom throughout the war. At the end of the war, the resulting accumulation of sterling was partly used by General Perón to buy the British public utilities. Their acquisition was popular in Argentina, but had a 'bad press' in the United Kingdom, and the nationalisation was bound to discourage the investment of new British capital, when that became possible.

### After the War

After Argentina's war-time reserves of sterling had been exhausted all new earnings were needed to buy essential supplies such as petroleum, capital goods, and industrial raw materials. This likewise created much resentment in the United Kingdom, which for so long had been accustomed to export woollen and cotton textiles and other 'consumer goods' to Argentina; it was felt that Perón was discriminating against that kind of trade. Meanwhile Perón also caused indignation in our newspapers and in the House of Commons by asking for his meat—which we urgently needed—a higher price than our government considered reasonable. He argued that the increase in price that he demanded was not nearly so great as the rise that had occurred in the cost of our own exports of petroleum, coal, and machinery. There seems to have been some justice in Perón's contention—it appears, for example, that since the war the price of an imported tractor in Argentina has risen about fivefold in terms of wheat. But, perhaps naturally, the British public were not at all interested in Perón's desire to protect the standard of living of his countrymen and his dislike of 'importing other people's inflation'.

In addition to this acrimony over Anglo-Argentine economic matters Perón's undemocratic methods in conducting the internal affairs of his country further reduced British sympathy for and faith in post-war Argentina. It was felt that a Hitler or a Mussolini had arisen in the New World, and that the dictator's economic policy was as unsound as his demagoguery was distasteful. Finally, Perón aggravated the bitterness by reviving in a particularly aggressive manner Argentina's claims on the Falkland Islands and the Falkland Dependencies. The Falkland Islands dispute is of no recent origin—it began as long ago as 1833 when a British naval expedition ejected an Argentine garrison from the islands; but Perón—knowing that all Argentines of all political parties would be united in condemning Britain's seizure of the Falklands—chose this as a popular issue on which to make a demonstration of patriotism.

For all of these reasons Britain, to a large extent, has lost confidence in Argentina in recent years. But it must be remembered that the decline in our confidence—or our interest—has occurred also in regard to other South American countries. Symbolical of this is the fact that today we cannot fly to any part of South America by a British airline. Only two companies provide a direct air service between London and South America: one is Argentine, the other Brazilian. In Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina, the B.O.A.C. still maintain offices.



premises—but what dreary, empty places they are! An airline office without any air traffic to deal with reminds me of the old Spanish saying: '*Todo compuesta, y sin novio!*', 'All dressed up, but no bridegroom!' Particularly depressing, perhaps, is the waiting-room in the airport of Carrasco, outside Montevideo. Facing you, as you sit there, is a row of small branch offices of the world's chief airlines—North American, Dutch, French, Italian, and so on. All of them are open, with staff in attendance, time-tables available. Only the B.O.A.C. office—somewhere in the centre of the row—is in darkness, its shutter down. It is not the fault of B.O.A.C. that their premises in South America are empty and closed. The vacant offices, really, are indicative of Britain's partial withdrawal from South America in general. And certainly we cannot blame Perón for this state of affairs, in so far as it exists outside the borders of Argentina.

What, then, is the general cause? Surely the explanation—in regard to South America as a whole, and setting aside all purely regional influences—is twofold. First, the pattern of trade with South America has changed. South American countries now have their own industries producing, for instance, textiles, pots and pans, and even—in some instances—bicycles and light agricultural machinery. What they wish

to import today—especially when the terms of trade are against them, and with the protection of their own industrial work-people in mind—is such things as capital equipment, heavy machinery, chemicals, petroleum. But—and this is the second part of the explanation—these happen to be goods for which, at the present time, Great Britain has abundant and assured demand elsewhere.

Of course, some British firms are looking ahead; preparing for the day when they will need Argentina. But, broadly speaking, we have been passing through one of those periods of discouragement to which I have several times referred—as in 1807, when General Whitelocke was obliged to evacuate the River Plate; or as after the bursting of the 'bubble' of speculation in the late eighteen-twenties and then in Rosas' long dictatorship; or, again, as during the economic slump of the nineteen-thirties, when dividends remained unpaid, and Argentina's 'controlled economy' began. The day will arrive when the British, once more, will recognise that Argentina is an attractive land. And then, anyone who looks at that fine portrait of the much-abused Sir Home Popham in our National Portrait Gallery—which shows him confident but resigned—might also detect a half-smile on his face, as if to say, 'I told you so'.—*Third Programme*

## The Price of Prosperity—IV

# The Pound of Flesh

By SIR GEOFFREY VICKERS, V.C.

IN these talks prosperity has been taken to mean a continued rise in the standard of living. To prosper means, it appears, not merely to be rich but to go on getting richer and richer. This assumption of indefinite increase in material abundance is a comparative newcomer among human thoughts but it has now been potent for some two hundred years and it is spreading more rapidly than ever before. Mr. Crosland, who welcomes it at any price\*, and M. de Jouvenel, who would have us guard ourselves against some of its possible implications†, are at one in accepting it as a condition which we can and should maintain. Neither of them expressly challenges the implication that we can have as much prosperity as we are willing to pay for.

This approach seems to me to beg at least three important questions. First, is it even theoretically possible that an economy can go on expanding indefinitely? Secondly, what conditions must we create or preserve or put up with, what adjustments must we accomplish to keep it expanding? And, thirdly, how far should we escape these, even if we ceased to prosper?

An economy is an example of a process which is very common but not very well understood, in that it keeps its form through the continual change of its parts. Other examples are all round us. The wood which looks today much as it looked when we were children is none the less largely a new wood. Our own bodies renew themselves unceasingly and live by continuous interchange with their environment. An economy is a process of the same kind. Workers grow up, gain skill, grow old and die and are replaced by others; sources of supply are exhausted and others are found; one business grows at the expense of another. A continual interchange takes place between the system and its environment and between the elements of the system itself. Viewed as a whole the system may maintain a steady state, in that there may be no change in the total effort which goes in, the total product which comes out, even in the channels of distribution or the goods and services which flow along them; but even this apparent stability would be achieved only by continuous interchange with the environment and continuous change within.

All this is true of an economy, whether it be expanding or steady or declining. When it is steady, the input and the output are constant; at other times they vary. Even a steady state is maintained only by a succession of ups and downs, sometimes hardly noticeable but sometimes sizeable oscillations about a mean. We have to watch a system for some time to tell whether it is steady or not; and even if we find it steady now, we cannot predict that it will remain so unless we know much more about it than we usually do.

But there is a crucial difference between a system that is stable and one that is not, because the one persists and the other breaks up. An expanding system is not necessarily unstable, it may be merely 'grow-

ing'; but we do not often find examples of systems which go on growing for ever. The laws by which systems hold together and the diseases by which they are dissolved are in some degree common to systems of all kinds, mechanical, electronic, biological, economic, and social. I do not think these laws show clearly that an expanding system must necessarily break up but they remind us that indefinite expansion in a straight line is at least very unusual. For an expanding system is more likely than a steady one to encounter some new limitation, or to become involved with some new variable or to clash with some other system; and in any such case it will have to achieve some more or less violent adjustment if it is to go on expanding or even to stay as it is, and if this challenge exceeds its powers of adjustment, it breaks up, that is, it ceases to operate as a whole. What we know of systems, therefore, leads us to look with some reserve at the ever-expanding economic system by which we live. Such systems tend to be not merely self-limiting but self-destroying.

In the past, the price of this economic expansion has been paid chiefly in two currencies. It has been paid partly by increasing drafts on real resources and partly by accepting an increasing rate of change in ways and conditions of life. Whether these past experiences are any guide to the future, and, if so, whether we can count on keeping a credit balance in both currencies, and, if not, what will happen—these are proper questions for anyone budgeting to cover the future price of prosperity.

Shall we be able to go on drawing on real resources? Some of these, like soil fertility and growing timber, could be maintained and even improved while being used; and though they have been squandered in the past, they could be restored—at a price. Some, the minerals, are largely irreplaceable; but those which are becoming scarce can perhaps be replaced by others which are more common; and it may be that the Chemical Age will in time set us free to rearrange the atoms of matter as we wish, irrespective of the way in which Nature has arranged them for us. Atomic energy seems to have pushed back the more serious threat of failing power supplies which must otherwise have followed the exhaustion of familiar fuels. The world is unlikely to run short of usable materials or of power. But this does not ensure prosperity either for the world as a whole or, still less, for our particular bit of it. To prosper, we must go on producing more with ever less effort; and whether the world in general or Britain in particular will be able to do so, no one can possibly say.

Our past prosperity has been bought to some extent with drafts on the future. The best and most accessible resources have been worked first and used up or spoiled. Every year's working has left the heritage poorer; though each new year has covered up the loss by better

(continued on page 1127)

\* THE LISTENER, December 8.

† THE LISTENER, December 15.



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Britain and Russia

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A.: The Eastern News Company

## Ring Out the Old

**A**FTER the Christmas 'spending spree' one can and should look with more sober eyes upon the balance sheet for 1955 before moving forward into 1956. If one were to judge by the display of extravagance as the Old Year ended, one might assume that never has this country been happier or more prosperous. In the second week of December more money was withdrawn from savings than ever before. The notes in circulation also reached record figures. The shops have done colossal business. The mood of the day would seem to have reflected the many pay increases—or promises of increases—that have been granted to nearly all classes during the past year or two.

The Old Year opened with a number of big strikes, newspaper strikes, dock strikes, railway strikes. A note of warning about the dangers of inflation was sounded when on January 27 the bank rate was raised above 3 per cent. But in the Budget sixpence was taken off the income tax, and when a glorious summer followed all seemed more than right with the world. But in June exports were falling and ominous rumours began to circulate about the strength of sterling. In October the Chancellor of the Exchequer thought it necessary to bring in a supplementary budget with increases in purchase tax, designed to check inflation, after the bank rate had earlier been raised to 4½ per cent, and restrictions had been imposed on hire-purchase transactions. Yet on the other hand, we have been told more than once that there is no reason why in twenty-five years the standard of living of the people of this country should not be doubled. Output still rises and we are promised all sorts of benefits from modern inventions.

For some of us the year 1955 marked the end of an epoch. In the death of Albert Einstein we marked the passing of the most original thinker of our lifetime. The retirement of Sir Winston Churchill in April and of Mr. Attlee this month removed two eminent and admired statesmen from the centre of the contemporary scene. The death of Arthur Deakin, the heir of Ernest Bevin, was a landmark in trade-union history. The demotion of M. Malenkov, the illness of President Eisenhower, and the disappearance of President Perón were also noteworthy events in the world of political personality. Abroad we have seen severe disappointments. First there was the Geneva Conference of Heads of States in July of which the Prime Minister reported that 'progress had been made' and 'a relaxation of tension' noted. But the Geneva Conference of Foreign Ministers that followed in October was a failure. Trouble came in Cyprus and in the Middle East. After our General Election of May and the coming General Election in France, together with the recognition of the independence of the German Federal Republic, Europe, it can be hoped, may settle down for a while. Yet Europe is only one pawn on the board of power politics. We remain painfully aware that, with the invention of bigger and more effective hydrogen bombs, peace is indivisible as never before. And beneath the monstrous shadow of the bomb all our little domestic difficulties pale into insignificance.

MR. MACMILLAN's party political broadcast\* on foreign policy attracted widespread attention. Many western commentators emphasised his suggestion that the Soviet leaders were frightened men—afraid of 'the spiritual side of life'. From Australia, the *Melbourne Herald* was quoted as saying that the tone of Mr. Macmillan's remarks in general reflected the new anxieties in world affairs. After listing as recent examples of Soviet actions the stiffer attitude by the east German Communists, the biggest hydrogen-bomb test, and economic promises to Asia coupled with abuse of the West, the newspaper said:

This Soviet plan deserves the stinging attack that Britain has made on it to warn world opinion. But the vital answer to the Communist drive still lies in assuring free Asia and the Middle East that peaceful co-operation has most to offer.

The *Sydney Morning Herald* saw in the Soviet tactics and attacks on Britain made during the Soviet leaders' Asian tour a sort of reflex action due fundamentally to the spiritual fear about which Mr. Macmillan spoke. The newspaper was quoted as continuing:

Because the Communist leaders cannot allow their institutions to be submitted to the test of free, critical examination, they have sought to misrepresent in outrageous caricature the aims and policies of western democracy.

Moscow commentators were quick to attack Mr. Macmillan's broadcast. They accused him of completely misrepresenting the Geneva Conference of Foreign Ministers and as making an 'unfounded' accusation that Russia had opened up a new front in the Middle East in order to justify the western policy of creating 'aggressive blocs' in that part of the world. Moscow radio also attacked the Archbishop of Canterbury's statement that communism must be resisted 'by every appropriate means'. A Moscow transmission declared:

The British public has decisively condemned the Archbishop of Canterbury, Fisher, who made a belligerent speech favouring the production of hydrogen weapons for the intimidation of communism.

The sources which the Moscow transmission then quoted in support of its thesis were the *Daily Worker* and the Chairman of the British Peace Committee.

The main theme of Moscow broadcasts last week was the 'world-wide popularity of the Soviet policy of peace'. It was also the theme of the speeches made by Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev on their arrival at Moscow airport after their Asian tour. In Asia, said Mr. Khrushchev, he and Marshal Bulganin had exposed 'the criminal policy of the colonisers', and the peoples of India, Burma, and Afghanistan had received these words with approval. 'Colonial regimes are a disgrace to present-day humanity', added Mr. Khrushchev—without, as a number of western commentators pointed out, mentioning the Soviet colonial exploitation in eastern Europe and over minority peoples within the U.S.S.R. itself. In his airport speech, Marshal Bulganin was quoted by Moscow radio as saying:

Our friendship with great India, Burma, and Afghanistan is a wonderful example of the triumph of Lenin's principles for the foreign policy of the Soviet State: it is a great historic conquest.

Moscow radio reported that the Soviet press had published foreign press comment on the Asian tour under such headlines as: 'Brilliant success of the peace-loving Soviet policy'. *Pravda* was quoted as saying that 'the friendship visit' to Asia was 'looked upon by broad circles of the world's public as the outstanding event of 1955—the year of the triumph of the Soviet Union's policy of peace', which was now 'the leading factor in international relations'.

Jordan was cited in many Moscow broadcasts as having been 'subject to pressure accompanied by unceremonious interference in her internal affairs'. But the Jordan people's struggle had the support 'of all peace-loving nations, of all who hate colonial slavery'. From the U.S.A. *The New York Times* was quoted as saying that the events in Jordan were a symptom of the deep-seated malaise affecting the countries from Morocco to Afghanistan. The same newspaper, commenting on the prospect of greater American foreign aid for the underdeveloped countries, stated:

The kind of aid that warms the holiday heart is the kind that helps build a dam in Egypt, develop water for the thirsty lands of Jordan, increases crop yields in India, Indonesia, and the heart of Africa. Let us not forget that food, shelter, and old-fashioned kindness are also weapons in our cold war.



# Did You Hear That?

## TRIP TO LAKE RITSA

'THE LITTLE BLUE mountain buses—like large-scale jeeps—were waiting for us', said ALLAN CHAPPELOW in a Home Service talk. 'They stood, with engines running, outside the Primorskaya Hotel at Sochi, Stalin's favourite seaside resort on the eastern shores of the Black Sea. But we did not hurry to finish our breakfast. For one thing it was physically impossible, since the menu comprised smoked salmon and various other *hors d'oeuvres*, half a roast chicken apiece, yoghurt, coffee, cakes, and wine. Then Svetlana, our short, dark, and vivacious Russian guide, announced brusquely: "Now friends—we must go please! Maximum organisation!"'

'It looked as if it were going to be another glorious day. Sochi is as far south as Corsica. The climate is Mediterranean; palm trees abound in the neatly laid out gardens which form a large part of Sochi. The place reminded me of some resorts on the French Riviera, or even of Bournemouth. Perhaps the most startling difference is the large matt-white plaster statues of athletes in various postures which one constantly comes across amid the green verges and lush flower beds.

'We settled down in our buses and set off on our journey to Lake Ritsa, in the heart of the Caucasus mountains. Lake Ritsa is only 300-odd miles from Mount Ararat, where Persia, Turkey, and the Soviet Union meet. As we approached the Georgian border, our impressions of Sochi began to fade. We forgot the pebbly beach, the white hotels, sanatoria, and other buildings in the background, and those flower beds and green verges, as we approached the Georgian border. All these impressions were replaced by a succession of large, cultivated fields. There were white-plaster statues at intervals among these fields, now of Lenin, now of Stalin, now of Maxim Gorki—reminding us of the Sochi we had left behind us. But after a little while even these were no longer to be seen.

'The scenery became progressively more mountainous. On the slopes on each side of the road were many goats, beehives, and small dwellings built on piles—so that the base is raised several feet clear of the ground as a protection from the deep snow which collects in the winter. As soon as we had crossed into Georgia, I noticed the men wore those wide, sweeping, black moustaches and sideboards for which they are famous, while the raven-haired women were beautiful in an exotic, sensuous way which reminded me of the gypsies.

'The Georgians still regard themselves as a separate race from their northern neighbours—the Great Russians—even though, like the Ukraine and other "Socialist Republics", Georgia now forms part of the Soviet Union. Georgia is basically a pastoral and agricultural land.

'As we climbed higher and higher in the Caucasus mountains the scenery become more and more magnificent and grand in scale. The single-decker open buses were remarkably tractable and manoeuvrable. They were specially designed for mountain travel. We passed through steep gorges and along narrow winding roads cut in the mountain side; through huge forests of tall pine trees and conifers, with timber-felling clearings here and there; over light wooden bridges, and past rivers (in one of these were some water buffalo), and over streams and running

brooks. At one point where we broke the 100-mile journey the river had formed into a large pool. It was crystal clear, a bright ultramarine—like a brilliant sapphire set amid the grey and green expanse of the Caucasus. Then all aboard, and up, higher and higher along the twisting serpent-like road, often with a steep precipice on one side, till we were among the peaks. After about four hours we reached our destination—Lake Ritsa'.

## THE WHITE HORSE OF KILBURN

'A small wooden mouse led me to the story of the White Horse of Kilburn', said JACK WATMOUGH in 'The Northcountryman'.

'Kilburn is a little cluster of old cosy cottages, a road-side stream and a "pub" with white-washed walls and stone-flagged floors. And

it was behind the "pub", in a workshop by a yard of weathering timber, that I found the mouse—at every stage of its creation. Always it is cut from a piece of English oak. And always it is part of a stool or a table or a pulpit or a pew for a church. It is the hallmark of the craftsmanship of the late Robert Thompson, and of his two grandsons, Robert and John Cartwright.

'I asked John Cartwright why his grandfather had accepted so much responsibility in former years for maintaining the great horse which sprawls across two acres of the Hambleton Hills. And why, I asked him, should anyone go to the trouble in the first place of cutting away such a great quantity of turf to reveal, in the limestone beneath, the shape of a horse 314 feet high and 228 feet long on the steep hill face?

'John Cartwright told me two of its local legends. One tells that it is a memorial to a young lady whose horse carried her over Whitestone Cliff, into



A view in the Caucasus, near Lake Ritsa

Allan Chappelow

Gormire lake. Another claims that a white mare, trained at Hambleton, always bolted for Whitestone Cliff, and so frightened her rider that he had to jump off. One day the rider called her bluff and stayed on. The mare called his; together they went over the edge. But the real story of the horse is not a romantic one. Romantic or not, to Robert Thompson the fact was that Kilburn had a horse, it was proud of it, and he was making sure that it kept it.

'In the "pub" at Kilburn the landlord, eighty-two-year-old George Bolton, showed me real evidence of the making of the horse. He has a copy of the original drawing, covered with dotted lines and dimensions, which served as a guide to those who cut turf. It seems that Thomas Taylor, a native of Kilburn, went to London to make his fortune in cheese and bacon. When he saw the White Horse cut in the chalk of the Berkshire hills, he was determined that Kilburn, too, should have a horse. So, in 1857, he got his friend John Hodgson, the village schoolmaster, to prepare the plan. Thus the creature was born—ninety-eight years ago. Now its very appearance seems to lament the passing of the work-a-day horse.

'George Bolton told me that he used to help Robert Thompson to look after the animal—"in the days", he said, "when men would clean him up and stake his edges for half a crown and a pint of beer a day". "He's a good horse", said Mr. Bolton, "if only someone would look after him. There is not the labour round here to do him up". But



something is being done—by the Forestry Commission, who have taken the great horse much to heart. Already two or three rows of pegs have been driven into the limestone. If they succeed in holding the stones which the rain rolls across that bare spread of rock, then more pegs—thousands of pegs—will be set up. To help the process along—and it is bound to be a slow one—lorry-loads of quarry chips and dust will be scattered over them, too. The horse will have a fine, new coat.

'So those who knew and loved Robert Thompson—friends like old George Bolton, perhaps, sitting by the fire at "The Foresters"—can rest assured: the horse, like the mouse, lives on'.

### THE ACADIANS IN BRISTOL

'I wonder how many people have heard of the Acadians, French Canadians who were deported from Nova Scotia 200 years ago, on the orders of the English Governor?' asked DOROTHY VINTER in 'Window on the West': 'Those innocent victims of guerrilla warfare between British and French settlers were landed at Liverpool, Falmouth, Southampton, and Bristol. The exiles who arrived at Bristol were mainly women and children. They remained on the quayside for three days and nights, whilst an Admiralty official, Guigner, vainly tried to find lodgings for them. Being neutral, they could not be treated as ordinary prisoners-of-war, and they were unwanted everywhere. Finally, Guigner decided to rent several large warehouses built round an airy and spacious court in Guinea Street. One was prepared as a hospital and put in the charge of Mr. Davies, an Admiralty surgeon.

'Conditions in Bristol compared quite well with those at Southampton, where the Acadians were housed in an old powder magazine. In Falmouth they were even worse off: sick and healthy, men and women, were all crowded together in an unheated barn. The three Bristol warehouses overlooked the old harbour, almost under the shadow of the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe and near the Great Gardens of the Adderclift mansion. After their first week there the Acadians appeared to be reasonably contented. The hospital, according to an Admiralty report, was "very sweet and clean; the sick now breathe wholesome air which will soon recover them entirely".

'But alas for official complacency. Six days later seventy of the Acadians had contracted smallpox. The disease spread fast among them and three makeshift hospitals had to be hurriedly fitted up. There were more than 100 deaths among these lonely exiles. When the epidemic was over, the Acadian men were allowed to work on their own account in Bristol, probably at road-making, as at Southampton. The women, however, started a small flax-weaving industry in Guinea Street and made "coarse sheeting". They had by now won the admiration of their neighbours instead of their dislike. As a local paper put it: "During their abode here, by their industry and civil deportment they have gained the esteem of all".

'In May, 1763, the 184, all those remaining from the original 300 who seven years before had shivered on Bristol quayside, were taken by waggon to Shirehampton and embarked for St. Malo. Their future lives were to be at Belle Isle, an island off the Brittany coast. Amongst them were nineteen little boys and ten small girls, all under seven years old, who had been born in England. But the small agricultural colony founded on Belle Isle with help from the French Government was a failure. First came drought, then cattle-disease, and then six bad harvests in succession. Many families gave up

the hopeless struggle and crossed to the mainland, although a few Acadian names such as Leblanc, Daigre, and Granger, still remain today in Belle Isle'.

### STOVES I HAVE FOUGHT WITH

'For many years as a townsman', said DONALD BOYD in a Home Service talk, 'I have been most familiar with the great iron cooking range which is about as up to date as the great horse of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and as elaborately armoured. One I have lately and happily left behind in London might be qualified for Flodden. It had two ovens and three dampers, four or five flues, and a ventilator in its breast-bone. Under its breast-bone there was a collapsible pent-house of cast-iron plates which could be manipulated with ease if you had three hands and three hooked irons. Whenever the household wanted very hot baths, I would half strip and take rake, jemmy, hook and poker, and soon hear the appalling roar of the flames as they sped

their way up sixty feet of rejoicing chimney.

'The Yorkshire ranges I have used were less overpowering—ranges with bright steel hinges and enamelled faces, black but comely. It was the usual thing to have a tall fender, with a flat top made of strap steel which had to be polished with emery powder once or twice a week. It was pleasant to see the glow of the fire strike downward into the well, at times when the bread crocks were standing on the fender for the dough to rise, each covered with a linen cloth. The cat slept upon the hearth rug. You could sometimes read in the glow alone. It was a sort of paradise.

'I have come across some pretty obstinate fire containers. One of the nastiest in bad weather is the cylindrical coke stove. I have come across them most often when walking, for some of the Youth Hostels equip their drying rooms with this sort of stove. On a wet, winter day nothing is more depressing than an unlighted coke stove in a drying room in an outhouse. You land there with a couple of buckets of coke, an old newspaper and five bits of wet wood.

'I remember best a fight with the stove at Gwydr, near Llanrwst. It was the sort of day on which you cannot be sure whether it is the rain that is running down your face or unconscious tears of misery. I

was like walking through glass. I fought with the stove in half darkness. You have to put the stuff in from the top with these things. When you have deposited your combustibles, you wonder how much coke you dare risk, remembering that if it does not "take" you will have to take it all out again, piece by piece. You make your first attempt. A sluggish, greenish, and sickly coil of smoke creeps out of the lid. It fails to find its proper exit and suffocates the flames. When the first attempt has failed you take the lid off and reach down to pick out the remains. In so doing you discover that the little bit of fire has attracted beads of water to the iron lining of the stove, so it is now wet inside. Choking and enraged you begin again.

'I think I had made three attempts on the Gwydr stove when I discovered that someone had come into the outhouse. Perhaps he was the sexton of the little chapel. "Awkward task, that", he said. "I think you need a little magic to make it work". I swung back on my heels. "If I'd had any, I'd have used it long ago. I have used all the words I know!" He gave a pitying sigh. "I'll bring some to you", he said. A moment later he came back with an old soup tin half full of paraffin. "Try again, with that". It seemed unsporting, but I was past caring. "Stand back—don't singe your eyebrows, now!"

There was a whoof and a roar. The magic worked'.



The statue of Longfellow's heroine, 'Evangeline', in Grand Pré Memorial Park, Nova Scotia, set up in memory of the Acadian peasants who were sent into exile in England in 1755

Dorothy Vinter



# Hethway Speaking

By SIR MAX BEERBOHM

LADIES and Gentlemen,

In 1895 I, who was then a very young man, made acquaintance with a far older one, Mr. Sylvester Hethway. He lived in a beautiful old house in Cheyne Walk. He was a man of keen literary and artistic taste, and in the eighteen-sixties and 'seventies had been a friend of many men whose names had magic for my young ears. Of them and of their characters he was very ready to talk to me, and I would afterwards write out, as exactly in his own words as I could remember them, what he had told me.

Some weeks ago, in a cupboard, I came across a few of these old reports; and it has been thought that you might be interested to hear some of them.

Here, then, is Hethway speaking of Swinburne as Swinburne had been at the time when George Meredith and he lodged in the house of Dante Gabriel Rossetti further along Cheyne Row.

'Ah, Swinburne, yes. Strange little creature. He had the prettiest, funniest ways. He was wonderfully endearing. Apart from his genius, he was the most child-like of little children. One did so want no harm to come to him. And he was so anxious to be good and obedient. But he hadn't will-power enough for that. He caused us all the greatest anxiety. What could be done? It wasn't that he drank much wine, but that so very little of it went to his head—and that he did always want a little. I fancy that somehow he *needed* it, too. It wasn't good for his body; but then, you see, his body was such an infinitesimal part of him: the rest was all spirit; and the spirit perhaps required a special diet. It was all very odd. Everything about Swinburne was odd. Meredith used to call him Algernon the Incalculable. "It's maddening", he would say, "to find anyone making so much out of—nothing. How does he do it? We other fellows have to go through a long process of doing and *being*, and then of thinking hard about what we've done and what we are. We have to go to and fro, gathering faggots for tinder; laboriously and cunningly we stack them—and *then*, as likely as not, they won't burn. But Swinburne can always make a blaze without a speck of fuel. There's nothing in him but inspiration. Our main difficulty is how to make a beginning: his only problem is how to leave off."

'Another time, Meredith said, "It's all very well to say that Algernon gets his motive-power from books, not from life. It's true, but it's not the whole truth. If all the books in the world were burnt tomorrow, and nothing left of them but one charred corner of a page from an old French chronicle, Algernon would find enough in that to enable him to go on creating for ever."

Hethway told me that Rossetti, the very sedentary Rossetti, found Meredith, with his great love of wind and weather, rather a trial. Rossetti had said one day dolefully, 'He's always coming in early in the afternoon, just as I'm beginning to paint well.—Glorious weather, Rossetti! he cries. Come out for a stretch with me—do you all the good in the world! He always seems to be going to Hendon, and he

always brings out the name as though it were a name to conjure with—something sacred, irresistible; Mecca; the Promised Land.—I say to him, Meredith, if you brought Hendon to me in your hand, I wouldn't look at it.—Or I say, Look here, my dear fellow: this is an easel, this is a canvas, this is a palette, and this is *me*—just getting into my stride. Go and get into yours, by all means. I don't ask you to sit down and help me paint this picture. Why should you want me to assist you in trapesing to Hendon? Once and for all, Meredith, Hendon be damned! —For a moment he has a puzzled look, then he throws back his head, laughs that great laugh of his, and swings out of the studio, banging the door behind him. I never dare ask him not to bang the door,

because then he'd tell me that if I took exercise I shouldn't have nerves. And I should have to explain that I'd much rather jump an inch or two off my chair than walk ten miles or whatever the confounded distance to Hendon is'.

\* \* \*

Hethway had seen a fair amount of Thomas Carlyle. He said: 'One day, when I had been travelling abroad, I went in to see him. He told me he had been painted by a young Mr. James Whistler. It was an odd conjunction. I asked him how it had come about. He said it was through Madame Venturi. I daresay you've never heard of her. She had lived for many years in Chelsea. She was a great friend of dear Mrs. Carlyle. Both these ladies had an immense esteem for Mazzini, whom Carlyle thought a poor crittur—not because Mazzini was so, but because Carlyle was so unvarying in his judgment of men... Since Mrs.

Carlyle's death he had formed the habit of going often to Madame Venturi's house. He may have thought her a poor crittur, but she loved Janie's memory, and that sufficed. "And one day", he told me, "there was a wee young man with a mop of black ringlets and a quizzing-glass—a sort of pocket D'Israeli by the looks of him, but American in his talk, of which there was much. When he was gone, Mrs. Venturi asked me what I thought of him; and I told her without cir-r-cumlocution. Said she, But he's going to be a verra great painter, and he wants to paint *you*; and he's verra poor, she said; and he's verra guid to his Mither-r. She's a most per-rtinaceous crittur, is Mrs. Venturi, and next day I found myself with her at a house alongside the river, there to see this Mr. Whistler's paintings. The Mither-r received us—a dainty-sad little auld silvery dame, gentle of speech and shy-authoritative. Presently in comes son, and we all go into his wor-rk-room, and there, propped up on a bit of wooden stand, is a picture of the Mither-r, with a frame to it. There she sat, side-face, a sad figure, all in black, lonesome and shy-authoritative, against a plain grey wall of parlour. I canna count how many sittings I gave that slow-working son. One day he said finis and showed me his handiwork. There I sat, side-face, all in black, lonesome and meditative-gentle, against pale grey wall of parlour. Painter stood by me sharp-expectant. 'Well, young man', I said at last, 'ye're verra filial, verra filial indeed'."

\* \* \*

Of William Morris at the time when he had founded with his friend



'Rossetti insistently exhorted by George Meredith to come forth into the glorious sun and wind for a walk to Hendon and beyond': a caricature by Sir Max Beerbohm



Faulkner the famous firm of furnishers and decorators, Hethway gave me an interesting glimpse: 'One morning Pringle, my butler, came up to my study and said that Mr. Faulkner and another gentleman were in the drawing-room. He said, "I told Mr. Faulkner you were not at home, sir, but the other gentleman said that then they'd come in and wait". I asked Pringle who the other gentleman was. "I don't know, sir", he said. "A sea-faring gentleman, I think". I wondered what Morris could want with me.

'As I went downstairs I heard his voice raised in great enthusiasm about something, and, as I entered, the sturdy and rosy fellow rushed at me and clapped me on the shoulders. "Splendid", he cried, stepping back, "grandiose, scrumptious".

'What is?' I asked.

'Why, this', he answered, spinning round on his heel, with his right arm extended, and radiantly facing me again.

'You like the room?' I asked.

'Like it? Why, it's the most beautiful room in London'.

'I turned to Faulkner (who was standing in the background—looking, I noticed, rather uncomfortable) and "Well", I said, "this is praise indeed from Sir Hubert! I was afraid Morris wouldn't approve of my taste at all. This sofa, for instance—very different from that famous wooden settle of his in Red Lion Square".

'Sofa?' cried Morris. "Call that a sofa? Why it's only a—perch for canary-birds. But the room—Golly", and he spun ecstatically round on his heel, upsetting this time a slim Sheraton stand on which was a silver vase with a rose in it. "Sorry", he exclaimed, picked up the stand, replaced the vase and the rose, and—he was always extraordinarily handy—sopped the wet floor dry with his huge handkerchief; all in an instant of time. "Sorry", he said again, "but it's the gimcrack's own fault, you know. And it clinches our scheme, by jove, doesn't it?"

'What scheme?' I inquired.

'Oh, I forgot: you weren't in the room. The scheme. To make a clean sweep of all these folderols and really furnish the room. Moment I came in, I swore we'd do this for you—didn't I, Faulkner? We'd been round to see Gabriel Rossetti, on business. As we came away Faulkner pointed out this house to me—told me you lived here. Confess I'd quite forgotten you, old chap. Liked the look of your house, though. Thought you might want some things. Besides: pleasure to see you again. Wasn't prepared for this room though. Felt the challenge of it at once. I've got half the designs in my head already, and I'll put 'em in hand today. All you've got to do is to get your things carted off to Christie's or somewhere and pocket what they fetch. I and Faulkner and Co. will do the rest."

'I said, "Your idea is that I should sell all that I have and follow you?"

'Right!—you've hit it", he cried. "And what's more, we'll let you have everything at two per cent. above cost of production, by Jiminy, because we're blooming beginners and you're our friend. Hooray! I've got all the designs in my head now", and he struck his forehead a violent blow with his fist. "I see your whole blessed room for you, all clear before me. You shall have a great cedar chair—there, in the middle—like Odin's throne; and a settle—all along this wall—to seat a regiment. And Ned Burne-Jones will do the stained glass for your windows—Life of La Belle Iseult; and Ford Madox Brown shall do the panels of the settle—Boyhood of Chaucer; and"—he strode up and down, brandishing his arms—"there's a young chap named William De Morgan who'll do the tiles for the hearth; and my wife shall embroider the edges of the window-curtains—you know that green serge we've got, Faulkner—glorious. And by Jove we'll"—but here he slipped and sat with a terrific crash on the parquet. "That's just what I was going to speak about", he continued, sitting; "this isn't a floor, it's a sheet of ice: it won't do; we must have good honest rough oaken boards with bulrushes", he cried bounding to his feet, "—strewn bulrushes. And we'll have a"—

'One moment, Morris", I begged. "When you say *we*, do you mean simply yourself and Faulkner and the Company, or do you include me?"

'But of course I include you", he said, "Why, hang it all, the room's yours".

'That's just what I was beginning to doubt", I said.

'He stared hard at me, and I at him. Rather a dog-and-cat effect, I suppose. It lasted some seconds. Morris saw that I wouldn't waver. One of his great qualities was that he never wasted time. He always concentrated his energies on things that *could* be done, he never repined over things that couldn't. Here was a thing that couldn't. He looked at his watch, whistled (he always whistled whenever he looked at his

watch), snatched his hat—"Come along, Faulkner!" he cried. "No offence, Hethway!"—and was gone.

'He was a queer fellow—a great character; quite apart. And as good as gold. But I hadn't much in common with him'.

\* \* \*

Of course Hethway's friends and acquaintances were not all members of the Rossettian and Chellean circle. He had been privileged to know Tennyson, for instance, and had met repeatedly the very social Robert Browning. Here is a contrast he drew between those two:

'They were as unlike their own work as they were unlike each other. When I think of them I am tempted to say that a man's work is rather the needful supplement to himself than the mere outcome of it—or at any rate that the smoothness of a man's art is in inverse ratio to his own. The smoother Tennyson's verse became, the more rugged and tangled was he to look at. The more tangled and rugged Browning made his poetry, the more surely would anyone meeting him for the first time have taken him for a banker, or a fashionable physician. The greater the exactions he made, as he grew older, on the intellect and the patience of his readers, the easier was it to understand what he said—and even to foretell what he *would* say—at a dinner-table. And Tennyson's manners—ah, they were the very least of all adapted to courtly circles at the very time when he had finally purged his art of anything that might conceivably vex the ghost of the Prince Consort'.

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And here finally is the report I made of what Hethway one day had to say about Walter Pater:

'He would come and see me here sometimes'. He had a house with his sisters in Earl's Terrace—Kensington, you know. But he didn't like Kensington very much. He used to say, "The High Street is so full of noise and stress". He liked Cheyne Walk. I remember his standing with me at a window here in this room, one day in Spring, gazing out silently. A tug passed by, towing a couple of barges. "One might almost wish", he said in his gentle voice, "that the river could be exempt from traffic. *It does, a little, mar your secular peace*". I laughed outright, and I think Miss Pater, who had come with him, was rather shocked by my mirth; but not so Pater; he liked to be amiably rallied, to be teased a little, by his friends. I met him somewhere a few days later, and told him that his remark had been repeated by me to the River Police, and that they, being men of some culture and great admirers of his prose style, had said to me, "When next Mr. Pater is coming to see you, sir, please let us know. We will stop the traffic".

'For chaff of that kind he had a keen relish. I don't know whether you young men read him much? I believe that at Oxford in the 'seventies and 'eighties and perhaps even in your own time he had quite a following and was taken very seriously as a teacher. I myself have never been able to take teachers or preachers *very* seriously. Of course I have often admired the genius, the force or grace, of this one and that. But their actual "messages" are—well, they're so very characteristic of the messengers: the vain ones who want us to be just like themselves; and the modest ones who would have us be just what they are not. I have known many messengers, and all fall into one or the other of these two categories. Mr. Carlyle, with all his faults of temper, was one of the modest kind, and Mr. Ruskin—generous and usually angelic though he was—one of the vain. Mr. Carlyle, being eloquent, and a peasant, and always ailing, desiderated a race of strong silent aristocrats; and dear Mr. Ruskin despaired of a world in which not everybody admired Giotto and Turner and Miss Kate Greenaway so much as he. Great men, both of them; but great not in their messages, great in their *delivery*. Dear Matthew Arnold—Matt Arnold, as we called him—was not quite on their level, of course; but he had a great vogue, he was very much listened to in the 'seventies. His hope for the English upper and middle and lower classes was that they should all with one accord read Sophocles and Goethe. He was, I am afraid, pre-eminently one of the vain. Among the modest there was no more shining light than Walter Pater. He earnestly counselled the young to be—what was the famous phrase?—to "be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy". And he himself could not stand Kensington High Street. He very solemnly warned the young that "to form habits is failure in life". I suggested to him one day that in the next edition of his book he ought to add a foot-note: "In life, however, there are worse things than failure: for example, not having one's cup of tea with a slice of thin bread and butter, at five o'clock *punctually*". He laughed gently and said, "That is a shrewd jest at me, Hethway; but not at the sincerity of my doctrine". And of course he was quite right there. No man was more sincere in his efforts to



make people as unlike himself as possible. His one lapse from constancy was when he urged them "to burn always with a hard, gem-like flame". To burn like that, one must shut out all draughts, as *he* did. One must burn inside a small closed lantern, as *he* did . . . as *I* do, I suppose, nowadays', Hethway added, with a smile. 'But I don't regard myself as a terrible example—nor as a good one. In fact, I've no message for the world'.

\* \* \*

And, indeed, he had none. For he existed, let me now confess, only

in my imagination and in the intention I had many years ago to write a book around him—a book to be entitled *The Mirror of the Past*, a mirror which, hanging in his drawing-room, gradually ceased to reflect present things and began to reflect things long past. I had made many notes for such a book; and among them were those notes of Hethway's conversation which I have just been reading to you. Please don't be vexed with me for having let you suppose Sylvester was a real person. I thought that he as a real person would be likelier than I as a fabricator to impress and please you. Ladies and Gentlemen, goodnight.

—Third Programme

### Private Report—III

## Knock-down Argument

By DONALD BOYD

I BEGIN to suspect that we here, in this country, are beginning to change our minds about one thing. This revolution in ideas may have begun a long time ago—as long ago at least as the age of Gladstone. I dare say I have just been slow in catching up. It seems that we have begun to abandon the idea that our arguments can always, in the end, be won by a battle. There is a big difference between the man who says: 'Do this, or I'll hit you' and the man who says: 'This seems to be the thing to do; if you won't do it, then our dealings with each other must change'. This may not sound like a large change, but it leads to one. When you meet difficulties you can choose to fight; and sometimes this may be the only thing to do. But if you retreat before difficulties you can retreat in different directions. If you retreat into reason you are in fact advancing. Once you have given up the idea that you can always win the last argument by the last battle, you are positively obliged to rely on something else—on yourself and your ability to understand and to reason. To do that does mean a radical change, for you must think about your problems with a wholly different vision. And this is what I mean by a revolution in ideas.

I suppose it has always been the aim of great statesmen to do this; but they have a people to represent and you can lead people only where they are willing to go. (Even in a dictatorship you have at the very least to try to persuade people that they do consent.) There are always some boneheads about to declare most emphatically that their opinions must be right whether they are right or wrong. They are the people who used to chant their war-song:

We don't want to fight  
But by Jingo if we do—  
We've got the ships,  
We've got the men  
We've got the money too.

Today it is a song which makes us cringe, not cheer. If I am right in thinking that 'the country,' as we call it, chooses to think reasonably, pacifically, not only chooses but instinctively prefers it that way, then the willing statesman will present a different people to the world: not a first-class power, perhaps—no, a different sort of creature.

The idea keeps on besetting me. Perhaps it is what is called wishful thinking. Wishful thinking is a symptom of hope, and I hope; and I don't see why I should not. It arose lately during a conversation at lunch with a very old friend who had devoured several slices of George Orwell, and thought in a dismal way that they agreed with him, though he did not enjoy them. If you take *Animal Farm* and 1984 at face value, you do get the impression that the only thing to do is to pick up your pike and do as much damage as you can before you are turned into an automatic machine with a most unfortunate capacity for feeling.

I had to agree that our satirists and moralists—except the cartoonist Giles, whom I revere—are rather gloomy. Orwell and Eliot are not very cheerful at the invalid's bedside. Orwell seems to welcome misery rather than repudiate it. He shows us how easy it is to yield. T. S. Eliot can be just as cheerless. Everything is pretty miserable at Wishwood; the young lord, Harry, has been pursued by the avenging furies and goes out into the night to pursue them instead. He has lost his identity, has lost hope, and feels himself filthy. Harry has not been able to digest his own humanity. It would be good to see him again twenty years later to discover whether he has been able to fit himself

completely together—as completely, let us say, as the family in 'The Confidential Clerk'. But the valet, Downing, thinks this unlikely. Before long, says Downing, Harry will not want anybody. But for us who, too, have sometimes lost all hope and all sense of being, this is no answer. We are simpler; we are social beings, needing friends and the commonplace cordialities of life. In 'The Cocktail Party', too, the all-wise Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly sends one of his patients off to be crucified and remarks that she wanted to die that way so it was quite all right.

How different they seem—at present, anyway—from those jolly men, Rabelais, Swift, and Voltaire, within whose works appears, rather like a Cheshire cat, ubiquitous, and pervasive, the complete man made in the image of good.

The fashionable despair and refusal, the doctrine of self-destruction, seem to be symptoms of the revolutionary idea: that it is necessary to abandon force and possessiveness and the commonplace orthodoxy which comes from them in order to grasp and wield a new power—this time over ourselves; which means of course the decay of the orthodoxies of Wishwood and the rejection of the orthodoxies of *Animal Farm*.

Within the last thirty-five years we have had, and near at hand, a sharp and nasty lesson in force—in coercion. I was in Ireland a good deal during 'the troubles', as they were called. A few days ago I went through some old copies of an illustrated journal and saw there some photographs of the men who were recruited as 'Auxiliaries' to the Royal Irish Constabulary, which had also been reinforced by special enlistments of the men called Black and Tans, from their uniforms. The Auxiliaries looked there, in those still pictures, like rather innocent young men. And this is right, of course; no doubt they were. And yet they were part of what J. L. Hammond called 'The Terror in Action', employed as organised gangsters to fulfil a policy of coercion and reprisal. I was myself in the *Freeman's Journal* offices the night they broke in and smashed its machinery, and I was near at hand when they beat up one or two members of the staff and threatened some American correspondents. You might easily, in those days, be pushed off the pavement, or knocked into the gutter by those simple and innocent young men in the photographs; or, if more seriously involved, you might necessarily be beaten up or shot. Some of my old school friends were members of this force; they were mostly ex-officers, who either had no job, or wanted excitement. I was scarcely different from them (except that I was not so brave) and the thing which seemed most horrifying was that with so little trouble young men of decent upbringing should accept the brutalities of this occupation. This was the thing that made the blood run cold; and made it not impossible to understand later how Hitler could mobilise a force of thugs and gangsters to undertake the still dirtier work he wished to do.

Over and over again moralists have told us how easy it is to become wicked; it takes no effort at all. The effort is needed in the other direction—to remain civilised and reasonable and good. Some people appear to believe you can get through safely by a sort of sleep-walking; not allowing yourself to be conscious. This is the perfect state for the host of Midian, searching for recruits. The point about my contemporaries in the Auxiliaries is that they were not awake to what they were doing. They had good excuses. The Government and most of the press were on their side, and the acts of the rebels were horrible enough.



That was not sufficient justification. The coercion failed. It was foul, and in the end it was more than the country could stand. It was ended by consent; and I believe its awful example so close to us has had an effect on us all. It was a chapter of disgrace which we pretend to forget. Nor are we willing to repeat it. Force always comes down in the end to something pretty shabby. Your enemy is probably backed against a wall or a flight of stairs, unarmed. You hit him with a pistol barrel or revolver butt and ask him if he has changed his opinion now. Whatever he says he will save up a hundred 'Noes' in his heart; and they will come out in time.

This was part of the conversation with my friend Charles who knew this better than I—he was in Cork the night after the Auxiliaries set fire to it. But he brought me back sharply to the point that Orwell might be right, because, said Charles, it has never been so easy to enslave the mind to command obedience, to dominate people by the million. The techniques of the totalitarian system are so much more perfect, watertight, logical. They prevent you from doing any thinking.

But is it true? I do not know how many people the Golden Horde or Genghis Khan enslaved. Their system was different. Extermination perhaps is in a special sense totally different. The medieval Church destroyed or excluded with success all secular literature of ideas. The classics were unknown; and it claimed not only to control man in this world but in the next; a claim no other authority has made. The Inquisition destroyed human beings who were in one way or another nonconformists. Spain and the Holy Office between them could not dominate and enslave the Low Countries, though the Church had 300 years of dominance behind it. We know enough about Hitler; we know something about Communism. We know, for instance, that if everybody did think exactly alike in communist states there would be no need for purges and fabricated confessions. You cannot prevent people from thinking, and no two of them will think exactly in the same

way. They may come to think in the same direction, but it is in the variety of thinking that heterodoxy grows and with as much certainty as the development of life in the primeval slime from which it is descended.

In this country, I believe, we are thinking in the same direction about the use of force. We are uneasy about Malaya, Mau Mau. At home we are uneasy about the colour bar, and I daresay many good trade unionists are uneasy about the way their policies are working out. For instance, it is well enough that a tradesman should pay dues to the union which protects the worker, but it is uncomfortable to see that protection may be of the sort practised by American gangsters—'Pay up or I will ruin you'. I suppose that Orwell and Eliot are telling us that we are obliged to think; us, personally. No sleep-walking allowed or else—!

We can all say we cannot provide the answers. What do I know about Formosa? I am not an expert in trade unionism. We do not occupy positions of importance in the world. We are not specialists of foreign affairs or home affairs. And yet our sentiments and opinions have their effect. They represent our desires for what we think right. They are constituents of public opinion. When we talk, when we make comments, we may be saying things that others, less talkative, have in their minds too, vaguely. It is this semination or dissemination of individual notions in a country which create its character. In this country, this apparently vague force has declared itself once or twice during my lifetime. The first time, for instance, was to reject the renewal of the war with the Bolsheviks in 1920. It is capable of declaring itself again and it is always possible that it should do so. Big brother pig and old double-thinker will not have their way so easily here.

'Well', said Charles, 'you may be right, and I certainly hope you are'.—*Home Service*

## The Christian Hope and Physical Evil—V

# The Last Enemy

J. S. WHALE gives the last talk in this series

**P**HILIP of Macedon had a slave to whom he gave a standing order. The man had to enter the royal presence every morning of his life—no matter what the king was doing—and to say to him in a loud voice: 'Philip, remember that thou must die'. That was over two thousand years ago, but it refuses to be dated; for the theme of man's mortality is universal. It has vexed thought and tried faith in every age. Death is the one absolute certainty for every human life—inescapable, inscrutable, unrehearsable, final. Indeed, in a famous essay Bacon coolly observed that it is as natural to die as to be born. But is it? Why, then, does death distress us? Why is this the ultimate fear from which all other fears derive their power? The Christian faith gives two reasons why.

First, death is unnatural as well as natural. Man has never been able to believe that his finite and transitory life in time gives an exhaustive account of what he is. Time is real, of course, and no illusion: that is what our clocks and calendars, our diaries and anniversaries, mean. But this very consciousness of clock-time—of temporal succession and change—is ours only because God has set eternity in our hearts. It is because we are made in the image of the Eternal that we speak at all of 'this bank and shoal of time'; that we wear watches and hang up calendars.

That little beaver up in the Canadian forest, building his dam of driftwood in the icy water—is he aware of time? There is some mental process in him, presumably, whereby he can say to himself (as it were), 'It is snowing'. But in the shimmering heat of July he does not say to himself, 'It is not snowing today'. Today and yesterday are not for him. He is not consciously concerned with tomorrow even though he builds by instinct for it. Only man is genuinely concerned with tomorrow, and the irrevocable yesterday, and the pathos of his mortality. Only a Macbeth can brood over time as 'the way to dusty death'. Death is the common doom, admittedly, of this Macbeth and this little beaver; of elephant and chimpanzee and the most intelligent sheep-dog that ever was. But Macbeth is aware of it, as they can never be. They die: he has to die: there is a great difference between

death and having to die. And in this very difference—in this distinctively human awareness of a temporality which expresses itself supremely in death—man already stands above temporality and death. He is aware of time because he belongs to eternity.

Thus, his death is not just 'natural'—and that's that! It involves an incomprehensible contradiction. A man's life, which finds its meaning in eternity, is nevertheless without meaning because it ends in a grave. And the whole human story, in all its glittering multiplicity, comes at last to the same empty, senseless nothingness. Every column in the account adds up to precisely the same result—zero. In this tragic contradiction the old problem of physical evil reaches its climax.

But the Christian faith goes further because it is also concerned with the old problem of moral evil. There is a second reason for human distress here. Death supremely illustrates not only man's bondage to time, but also his bondage to sin. Here anxiety becomes anguish. It is the moral conscience which makes our consciousness of finiteness so poignant. 'Out, out brief candle!' is appalling because the guilt of Lady Macbeth has already interpreted it: 'Out, damned spot, out, I say; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand'. Exactly! St. Paul clinches it in six words: 'The sting of Death is Sin'. Sin is more than a tiresome Puritan bogey. It is not merely missing the mark—as though man's moral failure could be dismissed with the easy advice:

If at first you don't succeed  
Try, try again.

No, sin is man's refusal of his distinctive nature and destiny as a child of God. It is his presumptuous and tragic attempt to be his own God: it is the proud and idolatrous worship of the self. In short, it is rebellion and alienation. Man is not a son in his Father's house, but a prodigal in the far country.

Thus, something more than man's finiteness makes death his 'last enemy'. His metaphysical distress is intensified by his moral distress. It is the witness of the Bible that we are slaves of fear, not only because we have to die, but because we deserve to die. Indeed, the



Bible sees in death a last opportunity, which is on the verge of becoming a lost opportunity. It is a living man's decisive spiritual crisis, his final choice. It is the crucial formulation of the question which is always addressed to man, namely, whether he will know God or not. The supreme issue of death is not whether we have souls; nor yet, having them, whether they survive when the body is buried or burned or drowned or blown to bits. It is whether we will live with God, which is Heaven, or without him, which is Hell.

### Sacramental Death

Death, in short, is sacramental. As the sacrament of time it is also the sacrament of sin. Just as a sacrament conveys what it symbolises and in some sense *is* what it symbolises, so death symbolises and conveys and makes real the stark fact of sin as rebellion against God and separation from God. Because what St. Paul calls the 'carnal mind' is at enmity with the God who made us for Himself—the very Ground of our being—our deepest need is forgiveness and redemption. For a Christian, therefore, the distinctive meaning of immortality is not, so much survival as salvation. Is there a faith which gives meaning and victory to our historical existence, in spite of this meaninglessness and condemnation whereof death is the effective sign? To ask this is to come to the greatest thought of which man is capable—the thought of God. May man hope to share in the eternity and the holiness of the divine life? Is God my Saviour as well as my Maker and Judge?

The Christian faith answers sin and death with the 'everlasting Yea' of the gospel. It declares that we are justified—made right with God—not because of anything meritorious which we have done, but because of something which the eternal God Himself has done, subjecting Himself to transitoriness and death and hell in the person and work of His Son, that He might save us unto life eternal. In the Action and Passion of the man called Christ, God has conquered the damning power of death over the creature called man. The Christian concept of immortality is the forgiveness of sins: it is salvation through Jesus Christ, God in the flesh, crucified and risen from the dead and alive for ever, through His Spirit, in the Church of His Body: it is the innumerable multitude of the redeemed on earth and in heaven.

And so we come to what is and always will be the supreme Christian mystery—the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. The gospels do not explain it; it alone explains them. We cannot begin to understand what happened when He rose from the dead: that is, how it happened. Our ultimate concern is not with the 'how' of a sheer miracle alien to all our experience and inscrutable to all our science: we are concerned with its essential meaning, which is at least threefold.

First, the Resurrection declares that Christ, the God-Man, was man in the most typical of all human experiences. He not only lived our human life; he died the human death. He was crucified, dead, and buried. Burial in a grave is the realistic symbol of the awful finality of death: what the Bible describes as being 'cut off from the land of the living'. Christ, then, was buried. This was essential to the Incarnation of God the Word: this was involved in His becoming man. To be the Christ—God's dynamic self-disclosure to us as our Judge and Redeemer—He had to be dead and buried.

Second, the Creed declares that He descended into Hell. The tremendous words mean that in that descent He was fulfilling the Incarnation to the uttermost. He not only died the death which we as mortals must all die: He also died the death which we as sinners must all die. To use the awful language of St. Paul, 'He was made sin for us'. If St. Paul stops short of saying that He was 'made guilt' for us, the Creed is more explicit: 'He was crucified, dead, and buried. He descended into Hell'. You notice the change there from the passive to the active voice. 'Crucified, dead and buried': that is what man did to Him. 'He descended into Hell': that is what He did for man. The change from the passive to the active means that He deliberately identified Himself with us sinners, sharing of set purpose in our alienation and separation from God—albeit without sin. He chose that dread banishment from the bosom of the Father, the agony of separation from God at death, which calls across the centuries in the cry of dereliction: 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' As Calvin dared to put it: 'He endured in His soul the dreadful anguish of a condemned and lost man'. That is, His Passion was representative: His endurance and deed were for the human race itself. As in Adam all died, even so in Christ all were to be made alive.

In the third place, the Resurrection is the gospel of our salvation only against this background of death and darkness. The gospel is good news because the divine Redeemer has identified Himself with

sinning, suffering, and dying men that they may share in His sacrifice and victory. He takes us with Him through and beyond the valley of the shadow. We share, even now, in His victory. 'I am crucified with Christ', says St. Paul, 'nevertheless I am alive; and yet not I but Christ is alive in me; and the life which I still live under physical conditions I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me'. St. Paul put it thus in the first person singular because the evangelical experience of the saved soul is indefeasibly personal and individual. 'Man dies alone', said Pascal. 'Every man', said Luther, 'must fight his own fight with death. . . . In that hour I may not stand with you nor you with me'. But though dying is the most private act that any man can perform, his salvation is never a lonely, mystical individualism; for a Christian dies with Christ and lives in Christ; therefore, the Christian gospel of the Resurrection does not proclaim the salvation of individuals from the thralldom of time and history, but the salvation of a community through time and history—the Church of Christ's Body, militant on earth as well as triumphant in heaven. 'The resurrection of the body and the life everlasting' may be understood only in the context of the communion of saints.

'The resurrection of the body'. That gives us pause. It is a biblical concept so inconceivable, baffling, and even offensive to modern man, that he tries to put something different in its place: namely, the non-biblical, Greek concept of the immortality of the soul—as though that were easier, because more intelligible! But resurrection from the dead, however expressed, goes beyond the limits of the conceivable, since it means that our historical existence is somehow consummated beyond history: that the richness and variety of our life in time will not be annulled in eternity, but fulfilled.

Our life in time is always life in the body. The scriptures know nothing of man as disembodied spirit; nor do we. To a Hebrew, 'soul' without 'body' would have been as meaningless as content without shape, or music without sound. He would have been as baffled by such an analysis as was Alice when the Cheshire Cat slowly vanished, leaving only its smile. The Bible does not affirm with Plato the immortality of the soul, because it never thinks of soul and body as separable entities: it does not put asunder what the Creator has joined. Body and soul belong together in their created unity, and neither may be understood apart from the other. The body is the necessary organ of human personality in history—a vehicle indispensable to the creative will of man, the essential workshop of his perilous freedom. And the Christian gospel of our redemption does not mean the restoration in the eternal world of the self-same material particles of which our earthly body is composed—flesh and blood, nerve and brain cell—this mortal context of our personal life, five-feet-ten and weighing twelve stone.

Such a conception, alien to the Hebraic psychology of the Bible, would have horrified St. Paul. It means, rather, that though death is always the last enemy of man, and though we cannot escape that last inevitable frustration, God the Redeemer will nevertheless bring us through that frustration, giving to us a spiritual body—distinct from its earthly counterpart, yet somehow inherently one with it as its organic continuum. The language of Bible and Creed here is symbolism, necessary to the imagination though inconceivable by the intellect. It leaves the mystery of the Easter miracle as such and yet it bodies it forth: God, raising His incarnate Son from the dead, bringing Him from the separation of death and hell to His own eternal glory, and bringing us, His brethren, with Him.—*Home Service*

## Moonrise

Dew is falling now, the daylight is spent.  
Softly, darkly it gathers: night is at hand.  
Our world is changed. Along the remembered land  
Each landmark changes, hiding the way we went.  
All will be altered soon by the moon's ascent,  
Her strangeness melt the dimensions we understand,  
Bright waves more loudly break, and bring to the sand  
Cold threads of moonlight, shreds of a nomad's tent.

Do not succumb to the lure of strangeness. Trust  
Better the scarf you wear than light diffused.  
Words that once bound shall bind us when we are dust.  
Trust narrow bonds; and when you have refused  
The enchanter's dissipation of light and shade,  
Tread with my heart that place where worlds are made.

VERNON WATKINS



# NEWS DIARY

December 20-27

## Tuesday, December 20

Thirteen Ministerial changes in Government are announced. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is to be Foreign Secretary; Mr. Harold Macmillan to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. R. A. Butler to be Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House of Commons

Yugoslavia is elected to vacant seat in United Nations Security Council  
Cardiff to be the capital of Wales

## Wednesday, December 21

More than fifty people reported killed in new disturbances in Algeria

'Caretaker' government takes office in Jordan

Parliament rises for Christmas recess

## Thursday, December 22

United Kingdom and India agree to co-operate in the peaceful development of atomic energy

Collisions between expresses and stationary trains occur at Luton, Bedfordshire and Hellifield, Yorkshire: casualties total one death and twenty-five injured

British troops in Cyprus carry out another search in south-west mountains for armed men and illegal weapons

## Friday, December 23

Dr. Otto John, formerly security official in west Germany, is arrested on suspicion of treason

Mr. Marshall, Chief Minister of Singapore, returns to the colony after visiting London

India establishes diplomatic relations with Outer Mongolia

## Saturday, December 24

Minister of Transport presides over a meeting to enquire into recent railway accidents

The Pope in his Christmas broadcast from the Vatican speaks of need to suspend nuclear test explosions

## Sunday, December 25

H.M. the Queen gives Christmas broadcast from Sandringham (see page 1107)

A general election is held in the State of Laos in Indo-China

## Monday, December 26

Soviet Minister of Finance states in his budget report to a joint session of the two Houses of the Supreme Soviet that expenditure on defence next year will be reduced by about ten per cent.

A French Government commission arrives in Algeria

Five persons are killed in Sierra Leone in demonstrations against proposals for increased taxes

## Tuesday, December 27

Death of Mr. A. E. Tiffin, who succeeded Mr. Deakin six months ago as general secretary of Transport and General Workers' Union

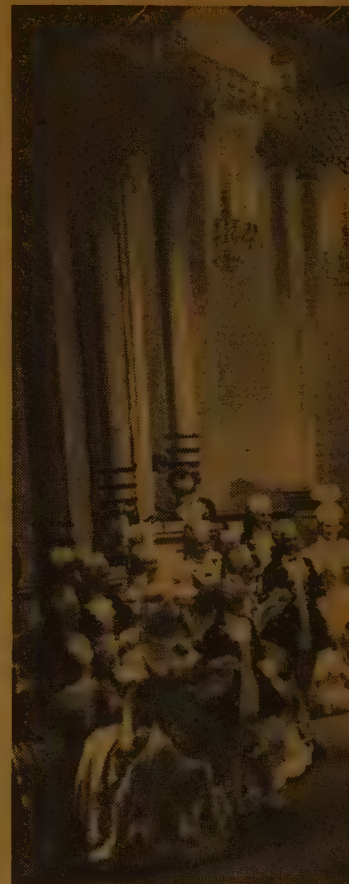
A search for arms is organised in North Cyprus

It is reported from Argentina that a fresh rising has been suppressed

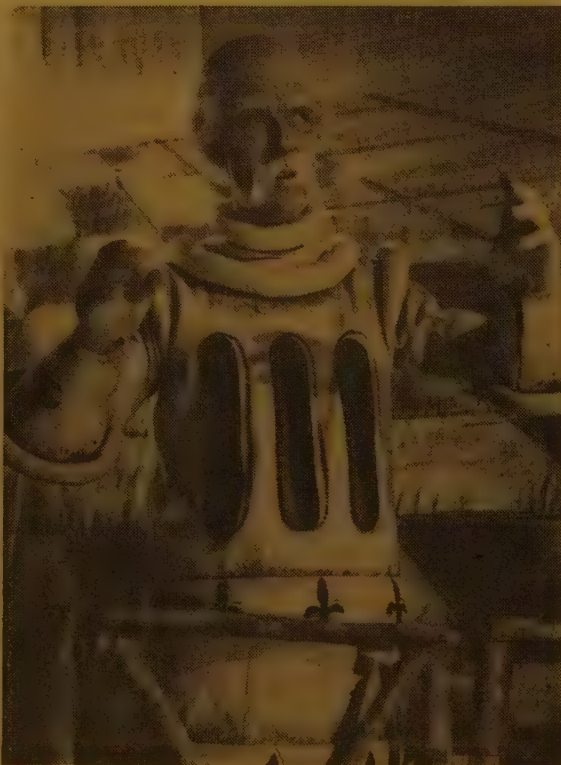
# CHRISTMAS



Violetta Elvin as the Spirit of the Lake in 'Where the Rainbow Ends' at the Royal Festival Hall, London



The ballroom scene in 'Cinderella Buttons' (David



Michael Denison as the White Knight in a musical adaptation of Lewis Carroll's 'Alice Through the Looking Glass' at the Chelsea Palace Theatre



Right: a scene from 'Dick Whittington on Ice' at the Empress Hall, Earls Court, London. The principal boy is played by an American skater, James Blair



# HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS



Palace Theatre, London. To the left of the central group are Prince Charming (Jean Telfer), Dandini (Paula Marshall). Doris Zinkeisen designed the costumes and scenery



Peggy Cummins as Peter and Frank Thring as Captain Hook in 'Peter Pan' at the Scala Theatre, London



A scene from the pantomime 'Humpty Dumpty' at the Grand Theatre, Leeds. Norman Evans plays Dame Martha (centre) and Betty Jumel Humpty Dumpty (left). On the right are Princess Marigold (Angela Andersen) and Prince Valentine (Margaret Mitchell)



## Party Political Broadcast

## Progress Report on Foreign Affairs

By the Rt. Hon. HAROLD MACMILLAN, M.P.\*

I'M going to try tonight to give you a sort of progress report about foreign affairs. The last few months have been rather patchy—like the weather. Some quite good things have happened; some bad. You can guess where most of the bad has come from. You will remember, I expect, that this summer we all went to Geneva to what was called the Summit Meeting: President Eisenhower, Sir Anthony Eden, the French Prime Minister, and Mr. Bulganin. Incidentally, the invitation came from us, not from the Russians. It was our idea.

The Foreign Ministers went with the Heads of Governments; and there were four or five days of formal and informal talks which really seemed to give us a good deal of hope. These talks were meant to be a kind of bridge between East and West. There had been nothing like them since the great meetings during and immediately after the war; and I think the hopes of people everywhere were pinned upon them. Certainly we entered into them sincerely, and I thought that the Russians were going to make a real effort, too. Anyway, as a result of the July meeting the Foreign Ministers were given a number of jobs to do at the second meeting, which took place only a few weeks ago.

It had been agreed at the first meeting that Germany should be reunited under a system of free elections; further, we were told to try to bring about European security, to make a start on real disarmament, and in addition to go on from the contacts between Ministers and officials, and begin to break down the barriers between ordinary people of the two great groups, East and West.

When we got to Geneva at the end of October something went wrong. We had thought that the Russians would be troubled about the prospect of a united Germany from a military point of view. So we had worked out a plan to try and meet this. But they wouldn't look at it. It wasn't a question of details: those we could have adjusted. They turned the whole thing down flat. And we were forced to the conclusion, which indeed they didn't conceal from us, that they weren't going to risk free elections over the whole of Germany, which might allow the communist puppet state in eastern Germany to collapse. If it had only been a military problem, I feel sure that we could have managed it. But it wasn't that: it was a political question. It was simply that the Russians aren't ready to let the German people decide whether they want communism or not. I suppose the reason is that they know quite well what the decision would be. In the same way, on disarmament, we had nothing but the old arguments which we have met over and over again.

In fact, the Soviet Government want the West to abandon the one indispensable protection that we have, the atomic or nuclear bomb, without any certainty that Russia would follow suit. They won't agree to any system of control which will really be effective, no doubt because any such system means each side opening up to the full view of the other its factories, universities, laboratories, arsenals, and perhaps even homes.

When we came to the discussion on the item called East-West contacts, well, I really thought that we might hope for some advance, in which the Russians would at least make a semblance of progress. But we found ourselves up against

an even harder resistance. They said flat out that they didn't want freedom for the exchange of ideas. They wanted censorship—censorship of books, newspapers, television shows, radio talks, and all the rest of it; and they wanted tourists to be selected, and organised in sponsored parties.

Now what does all this mean? It means, I think, that we have got to accept the fact that for the time being the Russians are really afraid, yes, afraid. Of course, I don't mean that they are in the least afraid of our greater power or material wealth or productive capacity. On the contrary, the Soviet Union is going ahead with great strides on all this material side of life. What they are really afraid of concerns the other side of life, the spiritual side. They just aren't ready to subject their doctrines or their institutions to the same kind of critical examination, for and against, which we so much enjoy discussing amongst ourselves.

This may be because there are movements towards freedom growing up in Russia. Or more likely because any loosening up of the communist system would have serious effects upon their power over the states which they dominate, but haven't converted—Poland, Czechoslovakia, and all the rest. Of course, they try to tell us that everybody in east Germany is a communist; but the fact is that in the past few years about 1,500,000 Germans have fled from eastern Germany. They are still coming over at the rate of about 6,000 a week. Last month nearly 26,000 crossed the border.

Now, of course, this Russian attitude is very disappointing. I don't regret at all that we tried—and tried our best. If we hadn't made the effort sincerely and honestly, we wouldn't be ourselves in the moral position to make the new efforts which are required of us.

And what are these? First of all, we mustn't be taken in; and we mustn't take ourselves in. The coming of the bomb has produced, or will produce, in a few years' time, a stalemate, and a mass war like the old war will become impossible. That, of course, is only if both sides have the bomb. Our Governments, both Labour and Conservative, have felt that we must have this weapon as a deterrent to war. That's why the Labour Government started to make the atom bomb, and that's why we, the Conservative Government, decided to make the hydrogen bomb.

Now there is an argument about tests. The Russians have made their tests, and immediately after their biggest one they coolly proposed that tests should now be abolished. We are quite ready that tests should be regulated and limited. But I don't think any British Government could contemplate spending large sums of money in making a weapon which they regard as essential for our defence and then agree that they should never be quite sure whether it works. Tests, as I've said, can be regulated and limited, and no doubt this will be discussed between the three countries.

Well, what's the next thing we shall be told? People will say, 'Why don't you give up Nato'—the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation—and then', they say, 'the Russians will be co-operative'. Well, everybody knows that it was the building of Nato, which is, broadly speaking, a combination of the countries of western

Europe with Canada and the United States—it was the building of Nato which first called a halt to the spread of communism over Europe. It was Ernest Bevin, as Foreign Secretary, who was one of the founders of Nato. It would be a terrible betrayal of all that has been done by ourselves and our allies if we were to let it dissolve. Nato and the defence of the eastern Mediterranean are more vital to us and to all the free world than ever before. Of course, this adds to and complicates other problems, like that of Cyprus. But we can't just run away from difficulties and responsibilities. We must work on at them, patiently.

And then, again, people will say: 'Why don't you agree that Germany should be neutral, or disarmed?' But so large a country can't be kept in a state of permanent subjection. Some people say she shouldn't be rearmed. But unless she is permanently to be occupied, how can she be kept permanently disarmed? Isn't it better for us all if Germany becomes a free member of the western team, adding her strength and skill to ours, and sharing our obligations and duties? It was for this that the Western European Union was devised, largely through the efforts of my predecessor, Sir Anthony Eden. This is the free choice that western Germany has already made; and when the German people are at last reunited, I believe they will decide to stand by their friends in the West. But we say let the choice—the free choice—be theirs.

So, for the moment, there's a kind of stalemate in the West. We haven't moved the Russians out of east Germany; but after years of equally stubborn refusal they have at last gone out of Austria. If we stand firm and keep the pressure up, I believe they'll be forced to get out of Germany, too. But at the moment there is a lull.

The same thing is true in the Far East, whatever may be the reason. A few months ago things looked very threatening, especially in the Formosa Strait. Both here, and in Korea and in Indo-China, the hot war has been brought to an end. Things seem calmer. There's a lull. And in all this the British Government has played a big part.

And so, the East and the West being at any rate fairly quiet, the Russians have opened up, as you have seen, a new front in the Middle East. They looked about, and found that in that part of the world they could do a great deal of damage to ourselves and our friends. Why is this? Partly because the Middle East is one of the great stores of oil which is now being developed increasingly year by year. Already the production in the Middle East is more than a fifth of the world's total oil production. Its reserves are thought to be more than half the total reserves of the free world. And it is the British, French, Dutch, and American companies who are developing it. So, obviously, if the Russians can get some control of the Middle East, or at least throw it into turmoil, they can cause discontent and perhaps revolution among the peoples there, and at the same time, deal a serious blow to the economy and standard of living of the West. That's why we have decided to try to organise our friends there.

You remember all the trouble a few years ago about Persian oil. Well, it's good to know that all this trouble has been cleared up. The oil is

\* Broadcast on December 17 on behalf of the Conservative Party. Mr. Macmillan was then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs



flowing again from Abadan and Iran is now a member of our new Baghdad Pact, which could do for the Middle East what Nato does for Europe, both in military security and economic development.

What's the other reason for Russian interference? Why, because they found a lot of troubled waters in which to fish. There's the Palestine problem. For years the United Nations and the Western Powers have tried to keep the peace, pending a settlement. Mr. Molotov talked to me at Geneva about his desire to end the arms race in Europe. But at that very moment he'd just done his best to start up a new arms race in the Middle East. Nor would he answer my appeal to hold up this dangerous policy. The Russians aren't, of course, interested in one side or the other. They aren't looking for a solution to the problem: they are trying to make it altogether insoluble. And that's why we are determined—and I'm not without hope that we shall succeed—to appeal to all moderate people and the leaders on both sides, to try to reach a final settlement of this question. Obviously, this means some degree of sacrifice by both sides. But by patient and secret negotiation, it could be done. Peace in Palestine would deprive the communists of their great weapon, and it would bring happiness and prosperity to the whole Middle East.

At the same time, the Soviets are trying to

restart the same old cold war—not so much in Europe this time, as in Asia. I expect you have read some of Mr. Khrushchev's speeches. What did they all amount to? When it suits the Russians to play as Europeans, they seek to tempt progressive elements in Europe to go communist. When it suits them to play as Asians, they pose as anti-colonial and anti-imperialists. In fact, by their conquests and annexations they are one of the greatest colonial powers, and not in the good sense, either. They are trying to say that East and West can't work together. They make a kind of parody, a caricature, of all that Britain and other European countries have done. They pass over all the unselfish work and the legacy of freedom and respect for law, and the progress which we have given. They are preaching a creed of hatred and enmity between peoples of different races and religions. There is only one answer to it, and that is to push on with the work which we can do and are doing together with the countries of Asia, as free and equal partners. This means military defence against aggression, economic development, technical assistance, and, above all, mutual understanding.

Now the first three, governments can do, and are trying to do. That's the purpose of the Colombo Plan, the pact in south-east Asia, the Baghdad Pact, and all the rest of it. Under the Colombo Plan, just to give an example, India

has so far received £400,000,000-worth of help. But, apart from what governments can do, understanding and sympathy really depend on individuals. The English language, the memory of British justice and fair-play, are still very strong, and each individual, in his dealings in business or otherwise with Asian peoples, can do a great deal to strengthen the relationship. It's going to be a long job and a hard, cruel contest, but I am convinced that if we do it properly we can win. We have a great deal on our side. We have the British Commonwealth and all that that means. We have our firm friendship with the people of America, who stand with us in all the things that really matter in life, and that's just as true of free Europe.

We have the certainty that communist doctrine is an evil one, based upon a purely materialist view, alien to all the great traditions of the civilised world, East or West. Nor should we forget, though the communists conveniently do so, the many Soviet miscalculations of these past few years. They banked on an American recession to expose the breakdown of capitalism; they believed the 'decadent' British people would reject the burden of rearmament; they thought it would be easy to neutralise free Europe. They were wrong on all counts. Now they are turning to Asia. But if we show the same courage to stand by our friends, they'll be wrong again.

# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## The Christian Faith and Eternal Hope

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of December 22 you give pride of place to the broadcast of Professor Emil Brunner, which may lead readers to think that it is almost of the nature of an official Christian pronouncement.

I venture to suggest that it contains one serious over-simplification of the situation, in the statement that in Europe the very word 'progress' has almost disappeared. Surely the real fact is that in those countries to the east of the Iron Curtain and in the corresponding area in Asia, Marxists still fervently believe in 'progress', to which they give their own meaning, i.e., the triumphant march of the Dialectic Process. It is just this belief which makes Marxian Communism both formidable and attractive. It really does foster the belief in 'a good time coming', a materialistic good time to be had by all, except the wicked bourgeois. No doubt it is a case of the Christian hope held upside down, since both Marxist and Christian hopes are derived from Jewish apocalyptic ideas, which they enlarge. But I must protest that for the Christian to give up all hope of transforming this present world into a gentler, kinder, juster place, and to talk vaguely about 'eternal life' is only to revert in new language to the old cliché of 'pie in the sky when you die'. We might well adopt the Pauline statement and say 'if in the next world only we have hope in Christ we are of all men most miserable'.

The true Christian faith is surely that it is our duty by the grace and power of God to slog away at transforming this world-order (leasehold though our tenure of it may be) as well as to prepare ourselves for the future life. It may at times seem an impossible task, but this is clearly a case of 'the possibility of the impossible', and the world is always being saved

by the disappointed idealists who don't give up striving, and always go on hoping.

To abandon the struggle of world-transformation in favour of a mystical other-worldliness is more Buddhist than Christian, it is certainly not what many great Christians have held to be their life-task, and it leaves the field swept and garnished for a most sinister occupant, who will not be slow to take advantage of the vacuum.

There is in truth a Christian form of the belief in progress. It was a poor man in a first-century concentration camp who in ecstatic vision cried 'The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our God and of His Christ', and I sometimes think that his faith puts us to shame.

Yours, etc.,  
A. C. BOUQUET

Cambridge

## Is an Expenditure Tax Feasible?

Sir,—In his broadcast talk published in THE LISTENER of December 15 Sir Arnold Plant mentioned my view that moderation in the schedule of rates would be necessary if surtax were to be levied on expenditure instead of on the present restricted conception of income. To elucidate the 'meaning of moderation in Mr. Kaldor's vocabulary', Sir Arnold quoted, from my suggested schedule of rates, a single example about a bachelor: with a net expenditure of £2,000 a year he would be called upon to pay £687 10s. in tax, whereas a bachelor with a spendable net income of £2,000 a year would, at 1954-55 tax rates, pay only £170 in surtax. I fear this may mislead. In the particular example the difference in tax is due not to the change from an income to an expenditure base but to the adoption of the 'quotient' system of gradua-

tion, according to which the rates vary with expenditure per head instead of expenditure per household. As I explain in my book, this would involve a considerable shift in the tax burden from families to bachelors—a shift which I regard as desirable on grounds of equity.

Had Sir Arnold chosen the case of a married couple with two children and an expenditure of £2,000 a year, he would have revealed that on my suggested schedule this family would be exempted altogether from surtax liability; with an expenditure of £3,000 a year the liability would be £187 10s. instead of the present equivalent of £840; and with an expenditure of £5,000 a year the liability would be £1,312 10s. instead of the comparable surtax equivalent of £12,080.

I should add that even bachelors with an expenditure in excess of £3,000 a year would pay less than do bachelors with net incomes in excess of £3,000 a year under the present system. I emphasise in my book that the suggested schedule 'is meant of course to be illustrative only'. But the point which they illustrate is an important one. There are a good number of families in this country who spend more than £5,000 a year. There are few who pay £12,080 in surtax. The difference caused through a change-over from a fictitious to a genuine basis of taxation cannot be exaggerated; and it requires to be duly taken into account in fixing the schedule of tax rates.

Perhaps I may also clarify two small points bearing on the discussion of the feasibility of an expenditure tax.

(1) As far as I know the British revenue authorities have never expressed a view as to the administrative feasibility of a tax conceived along the lines proposed by Irving Fisher in 1937. (When Professor Pigou in 1924 regretfully dis-



missed a tax on expenditure as administratively impossible he was referring to the opinion of revenue officials expressed to him during his membership of the Royal Commission on the Income Tax of 1919-20.)

(2) As I mentioned in my book, the United States Treasury *did* adopt the Fisher plan and Mr. Morgenthau, as Secretary of the Treasury, put it before Congress in September 1942 as the Administration's principal suggestion for combating inflationary tendencies. The proposals were rejected by the Finance Committee of the U.S. Senate after a five days' discussion during which violent opposition was expressed to the very idea of such a tax. The opposition of the American Senators, like Sir Arnold's own, was based on political and ideological considerations, and not on grounds of administrative feasibility.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

NICHOLAS KALDOR

### The Arrogance of Austerity

Sir,—A strong counter-blast is needed against Mr. B. D. Strong's criticisms of Mr. Anthony Crosland's talk. The beliefs he expresses are largely responsible for the mess in which humanity finds itself today; they are dangerously destructive, the more so in being widely and sincerely held. This sort of puritanism is playing merry hell with civilisation—in Russia and China as well as in the West. Norman Douglas put it mildly when he declared that the belief in the antagonism of flesh and spirit was 'the most pernicious piece of crooked thinking that has ever oozed out of our deluded brains'.

Surely the whole object of satisfying material needs to the full is to enjoy health—the very foundation of goodness. And the less effort we need to give to obtaining material needs the better, because then we become free to devote ourselves to interesting and creative activities which we enjoy doing and without which we can have no civilisation. Vice is more likely to arise from poverty and the fear of poverty than from prosperity. Sensuality and its enjoyment are not in themselves vicious; they are life itself and essential to any creativity. Their abuse arises when society is economically unstable and the individual anxious; vice is then a form of escape from personal unhappiness, whether of fear, frustration, or puritan guilt.

Phoney debts and taxes rather than vice destroyed Greece as they later destroyed Rome and as they may destroy us. We may be enjoying material advances today (a few of them, let us say), but we are certainly not enjoying economic stability or freedom from fear. The bankers, the tax gatherers, and the shades of our puritan ancestors, who provide our masters with their righteous power and prestige, are responsible for that. Is it not time to deal with them with more firmness, honesty, and courage?

Yours, etc.,

London, W.2

ERIC DE MARÉ

Sir,—Mr. Anthony Crosland implies in his talk on 'The Arrogance of Austerity' (THE LISTENER, December 8) that those who deplore 'pubs, pools, and prostitutes' do so because they believe in the 'moral virtues of abstinence'. The majority of these ascetics adopt this attitude for a reason of which Mr. Crosland seems strangely unaware. 'Pubs, pools, and prostitutes' are only possible in a society, and moral behaviour recognises social responsibility.

The most casual glance at a newspaper affords ample evidence that 'pubs' or 'drink' is an important factor in the complex causal environment of the problems of road and other accidents, broken homes, and crime. Modern life demonstrates the Christian principle that no one lives to himself. The welfare society is an

attempt to bear one another's burdens. Most abstainers from 'pubs' and pools are not necessarily ascetic but believe that the harm done by these things to society far outweighs the pleasure they may give. Further, they recognise that the harm is usually done to someone else and the pleasure is one's own.

A rising standard of living needs not only a growing economy but a disciplined use of new commodities: my electric washer must not interfere with my neighbour's television; I must not spend money on drink if I become, or cause someone else to become, a social danger.

Yours, etc.,

Preston

R. A. LETCH

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

### 'The Shield of Achilles'

Sir,—I am grateful to Mr. Dickinson for reminding me that 'We must love one another or die' comes from the poem 'September 1st, 1939'. When an isolated line has established itself as a permanent item in one's mental furniture, one is (though indefensibly) rather prone to remember it out of context: I did however only cite it as an *example* of a certain strain in pre-war Auden, and my slip leaves (I hope) my argument unaffected.

I also agree that it is 'understandable' that many persons found it 'difficult, at that time, to judge purely aesthetically a poem beginning "I sit in one of the dives on Fifty Second Street"'. Understandable, but not necessarily admirable: I feel that if such persons failed to see and sympathise with what Auden was talking about they also failed to see just what (apart from self-preservation) that war was being fought for.

As to the unfortunate form ('We must love one another or die') in which the line appeared, in my review, circumstances prevented my reading the proofs of it: will Mr. Dickinson accept 'misprinted' in the place of 'misquoted'?

Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh

HILARY CORKE

Sir,—As Mr. Dickinson observes, it is a pity that many Americans may never know those lines of Mr. Auden which end 'We must love one another or die', and which Mr. E. M. Forster so much admired. However, it seems likely that many Englishmen may never know these lines, for the whole verse has been left out of the *Collected Shorter Poems* (Faber, 1950) also, unless my copy is defective, and the volume in which the poem first appeared, *Another Time*, is out of print. In any case it is obviously Mr. Auden's intention that this verse should be omitted; perhaps he would care to tell us why? Does he no longer believe that there are two lies and that, although one can deny that there is such a thing as 'the state', 'no one exists alone'?

Yours, etc.,

London, W.2

A. COMERFORD

### Background Music for Television

Sir,—Writing in defence of background music (THE LISTENER, December 15) four gentlemen of the B.B.C. Television Service seem to have laid open three weak points in their armour, when tacitly assuming:

- that the silence between the intermittent announcer's comments must be filled with sound of one kind or another;
- that factual programmes must come under the class of artistic entertainment;
- that music can be served sliced up.

A few words on each of these points.

- The afore-mentioned letter says '... to

fill the silence with music is usually neater than to fill it with needless verbiage'. Indeed, this seems to be the lesser evil; but why fill it at all? For comparison let me assume that the main subject of a particular oil painting occupies only the central portion of its canvas; would it then be artistic to suggest to the painter to 'fill up' with ornament every free square inch of the canvas? No doubt the fashion of background music between comments came long ago from the U.S.A., by way of the cinema newsreel. It seems to be due to the salesman's way of thinking: 'We not only bring you all the news you want, but in addition some in-between music free of charge; we give you more for your money'. In other words: If chocolate is good and sardines are good, chocolate and sardines eaten together must be twice as good. Does the same apply to commentaries served with slices of music? Unfortunately, twenty years of cinema newsreels has brought up a new generation unable to understand this.

Here, surely, B.B.C. television has the opportunity to set a better example, by having the courage to admit moments of silence, thereby restoring some repose, perspective, and dignity to the programme. These are the same qualities that the B.B.C. has already restored to another programme, taken over from the U.S.A., 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral'?

(b) The three sound programmes obviously cater not only for the listeners' requirements for artistic entertainment; at three levels they cater also for the listeners' interests in a thousand other features of civilised life, and very admirably so. Why, then, should television do otherwise and place factual programmes in the care of the artist? (It seems to be the artist who defends background music.) If the sound services did likewise, how would the listener respond to hearing, say, the storm passages of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony as background to the weather forecast, or a report on disturbances in Nicosia to the funeral march by Chopin, or a Liberal Party political broadcast accompanied by Schubert's 'Death and the Maiden'?

(c) But even from the sincere musician's point of view, background music seems unjustifiable. To slice up, for example, one movement of Mozart's 'Serenade' into 15 fragments, to transmit fragments 2, 4, 6, and to withhold from the listener fragments 1, 3, 5, because at that time the announcer is speaking, must strike any music lover as vandalism. The procedure seems to be in flagrant contrast to the indisputably high and deservedly world-wide reputation of the B.B.C.

Yours, etc.,

Hampstead

R. J. JARAY

### The Reith Lectures

Sir,—In his *History of Wadham College* the late Dr. J. Wells describes the different styles to be seen in the college chapel. The great east window is orthodox Perpendicular, with Flemish glass, so are the two arches of the antechapel (which Ferguson insisted must be pre-Reformation). In the antechapel, as in the hall, the fenestration is a blend of Gothic and Renaissance.

Dr. Wells says that the east window and the side windows of the choir were made by John Spicer in 1611-12, while the antechapel windows were being made in 'Jacobean Gothic' by William Arnold. The late Warden concludes his description: 'The choir of Wadham College is to all intents and purposes the choir of a great Somerset church'. Anything that is Gothic in Wadham is 'Survival', not 'Revival'.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

J. E. ALLEN



# The Price of Prosperity

(continued from page 1113)

technology, by more capital equipment, by wider exploitation of what was still unplundered. No one thought of man's relationship with the planet as a continuing partnership. But it is widely agreed today that we shall not continue to prosper along that road. The old idea of partnership with Nature is coming back; and that must progressively alter the way we live as producers. Indeed, it has been doing so in this country for many decades: think of the changes that have come in the last fifty years in the control and use of resources.

But at best this partnership today can be only a shadow of what it was in any pre-industrial economy. We shall continue to use up resources and, if we still prosper, it will be because we more than make good the loss by ever better technology and further discovery and more efficient organisation.

It is possible to doubt whether we shall be able to stem this adverse tide for ever; but suppose we do, what of the other currency, our adaptability to change? M. de Jouvenel says that men have always changed their processes and that he is therefore prepared to assume that such change is good. But we are not speaking only of changes in processes. These changes in processes have involved continuous change in all the conditions of our political and social and, indeed, our moral life; and we have no reason to assume that those changes have been or will be always good. Looking back over 100 years, we see changes greater than have occurred before in millennia. Some are welcome, some deplorable, some still ambiguous. We see the change to urban living, to large organisations and small families, to a society differently structured, depending for its coherence on different expectations and on a different ethic, differently generated and differently transmitted. An Englishman of even a century ago would not be equipped to live in England today.

We can hardly doubt that these changes will go on, perhaps at an accelerating rate, though it is not so easy to be sure how they will arise or in what direction they will move us. I wonder, for example, what will be the impact on our daily life of this staggering increase in the volume of stuff which will have to be produced, transported, processed, and distributed to support the prosperity of even a static population. A recent report in the U.S.A. estimated that the average consumption of stuff per head, which in 1951 was 18 tons, would have to rise to nearly 30 tons in twenty-five years if the American standard of living is to be doubled in that time—and this is only a continuance of the present rate of increase and, incidentally, the same goal as has been set for this country by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

For one thing, this increasing spate of goods must change the physical pattern of the world we live in. I wonder how much more space will be needed to produce the additional goods and services which these fortunate men are to enjoy twenty-five—let alone 200—years hence. I know of no calculation which deals with this; but even allowing for increased crop yields and increased output per machine, it seems clear that we shall each of us use more space as well as more stuff each year if we are to prosper. We shall want space for factories, space to grow and mine their raw materials, living space, space for roads and airfields; and we shall want all these spaces in the right places.

The surface of the planet is one of the few resources which cannot easily be expanded or replaced by some acceptable substitute; and this

limitation is one which is likely to affect us in Britain sooner than most. Indeed it is affecting us now. Our undeveloped land is already so scarce in many places that competing uses form a major problem and the planning of its development is among the most accepted, though not, perhaps, among the most successful, of our attempts to control what is happening. We can economise land by building up into the sky and down into the earth; by working all our plant twenty-four hours a day; by cutting down those non-productive uses of land which are among our most prized amenities, such as open spaces in our towns, gardens round our houses, and so on. And none of these (except the burrowing into the earth, which would be expensive) would affect any ordinary index of prosperity; but all of them would be felt as an unwelcome price. Indeed, increased shift work is a price which many workers are already refusing to pay.

These changes will, of course, be vastly exaggerated by the increase of population which hitherto prosperity has always brought; and it is worth noting that while land use is controlled only imperfectly, population changes are not controlled at all. We have assumed public duties towards every child from birth to death but the number and quality of these beneficiaries is outside the field of politics and every issue connected with it—eugenics, birth control, euthanasia, abortion, to name only a few—is rent with controversy and overcharged with emotion. The shape and size of the age-pyramid varies sharply and mysteriously, and the Welfare State does what it can, which is not much, to keep in step with these vagaries in such matters as school building and teacher training, the siting of industry and old-age pensions. A society which controlled the number of its future citizens, let alone their genetic make-up, would seem strange and repellent to many; but how long can we prosper if we remove all natural checks to the growth of population and impose no artificial ones? No one knows; the Malthusian riddle is still unanswered; but it is clear, at least, that so long as men multiply, the factors of change implicit in economic expansion will be multiplied also.

And this points to another crucial fact which is often overlooked. We may argue whether this change or that is good or bad. We seldom recognise that the rate of change may itself be crucial. Let us suppose that mankind is infinitely adaptable—while believing and praying that it is not. Even if it is, its adaptability must be largely a function of the rate at which one generation replaces another. What each of us can learn is limited; but each generation starts from a new datum. Social as well as biological changes are phased to the number of generations, not to mere years. Quick changes demand quickly changing generations. But the generations are not changing more quickly. Though all other changes are being speeded, human life is getting longer and the influence of each generation is felt for longer than it used to be. While this is so, the capacity of one generation for change must set a limit which cannot be transgressed with impunity.

Suppose, for example, that things come to change so fast that what each generation learns about life, by, say, thirty, is useless to guide its children or even to guide itself during its remaining thirty or forty years. Such a situation would be self-defeating; we should have made a world in which we were clueless. Is the possibility remote? I wish I were sure that it is not with us now.

All these problems are world-wide, but they confront us in Britain with special urgency. Just as we were the first to reap the fruits and to meet the difficulties of the expanding material universe which the industrial revolution ushered in, so we are the first to encounter its self-generated limitations and to pay the deferred instalments of its mounting price. We have again a pioneer role, and our performance in it is of great importance to ourselves and others.

But unfortunately our power of manoeuvre is greatly restricted. Living as we do by producing what others will buy, we have a vested interest both in their prosperity and in our own. It is possible, for example, to hold that this country has devoted to television more of its resources than its economic position justifies; but if it had not done so, its television industry, lacking a home market, would have been handicapped in selling to the export market, where we buy our daily bread.

We may reflect, then, that, heavy as the price of prosperity may be, the price of not prospering might be even heavier—and payable in the same currencies. In opencast mining, for example, we pay a price, in physical disfigurement and social disruption, for the economic gain of the product. The question whether the product is worth the price arises only if we can afford to do without it. If this country were hard put to it to buy even its necessities in the markets of the world, it would pay more highly for its decay than ever it paid for its prosperity.

It would seem that our predicament is too involved to be represented as a market in which we are free to buy prosperity. We are involved in an economic system in which multiplying goods, multiplying wants, and multiplying populations endlessly excite one another. This accelerating expansion encounters successive limitations and successively evades them, partly by pressing new resources into its service and partly by changing ever more frequently its way of life, its social structure, and all its basic expectations except the expectation of 'prosperity'.

It seems likely to me that this process will in time encounter some limitation which cannot be transcended without breaking the ascending spiral. The conditions imposed by the system might fall foul of some uncharted limit to our technology or our adaptability or both; or they might prove incompatible with some other essential, such as the motivations which at present induce us to work or to save; or the threat of one or other of these fates might lead us to impose some limitation of our own. The economic problem of mankind is not whether we can continue to prosper but whether we can make the mutual relations of man and nature sufficiently stable to provide an acceptable basis for human life.

We face this problem with a fundamental handicap. We recognise vaguely that the well-being we desire is a wider concept than the prosperity we pursue. We dimly sense that our well-being demands other conditions beside prosperity, conditions which our power to prosper can serve both to create and to destroy. But we cannot yet discern these conditions clearly enough to make prosperity their servant, even within the limited measure of control which we have. So we are still ill equipped to know where we are going or to calculate the price of the ticket before we become liable to pay it; and there is no currency so precious that our Shylock creditor may not insist that it is the currency of the bond.—*Third Programme*



# Supper at the Garrick in the 'Nineties

By PHILIP CARR

I AM old enough to have been a member of the Garrick in the 'nineties, though I did not in fact join it until quite recently, but I often went there with my father, who was devoted to it through most of his working life. Especially did I go there with him for supper after the theatre, and more especially for Saturday night supper, which was the highlight of the life of the club in those days, and usually ran on until two or even three on Sunday morning.

The Garrick has always been a club devoted to the arts of the theatre. That is implied in its name. It is conveyed by the motto, 'All the world's a stage', on its writing paper; and it is clearly laid down in the first words of its first rule—that the club is instituted for the general patronage of the drama. But it was perhaps not until the 'nineties that its most distinguished members definitely belonged to the drama. At first, the patronage referred to in rule one was perhaps rather patronising, for the original constitution spoke of 'actors and men of education and refinement meeting on equal terms', and the original membership, though it did include Charles Kemble, Macready, and Charles Matthews, was partly made up of twelve barons, six earls, five marquesses, and a duke. A little later, its giants were mainly literary, chief among them being Thackeray and Dickens. Rather later, some of the club's leading members were painters, headed by Millais and Leighton and including Rossetti. It was only as the century wore on that the tradition became established that to be elected was a sort of blue ribbon of the theatrical profession, a tradition which holds to this day. And it was hardly before the 'nineties that it could be said that virtually every leading actor, playwright, manager, and critic in London was a member.

Very marked personalities many of them had. One expression of this was the hats that they wore. There must still be people who can remember Henry Irving's very wide-brimmed topper, before the time when he hardly ever wore any other head covering than a soft hat, of even wider brim, over his long hair. My own father, who was a playwright and a manager but not an actor, and had a beard, used to sport a very personal kind of hard felt hat, wide of brim and with a crown tapering rather like the early nineteenth century postilion or highwayman. When Nigel Playfair became a member, he was hauled up at a mock trial in the morning room on the charge, preferred by Frank Richardson, of 'wearing a Comyns Carr without a licence'. I myself suffered for my father's taste in hats. For when I went to my first boarding school, my mother, on being informed that I must have a bowler, sent me off in one of the paternal pattern. It was at once knocked to pieces by my little comrades.

Bancroft's topper, which he wore at a jaunty angle, was another very individual headgear. Its brim was wide, but its special feature was its crown, which was a very long cylinder. Bancroft was perhaps physically the most picturesque as well as the most elegant of the club's eminent men. Tall, upright, and slim, with a monocle, a moustache, and curly hair, not long and very carefully brushed, he was a distinguished figure as he walked along Piccadilly, which he never failed to do at the appropriate hour in the afternoon. He was a most kindly man, and I gratefully remember that he gave me a pearl pin when I won a scholarship at the college in Oxford which was that of his son George, who is still a member of the Garrick.

Old Bancroft was cordial, but perhaps a little solemn, and terribly correct in the observance of social obligations, including attendance at funerals. When W. S. Gilbert heard that the big elephant at the Zoo had

died, he immediately asked 'Has Bancroft sent a wreath?' My father once had a dream, when he was ill, that Bancroft came to him, and brought some grapes—'White grapes, my dear Joe. I only bring black grapes when the case is grave'. Pinero, whose great friendship for Bancroft did not prevent his making fun of him, once affirmed

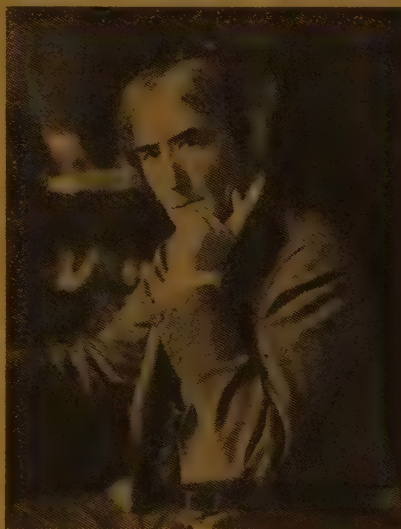
—no doubt he just invented the story—that he had found B. (a) Bancroft was always called reading Morley's life of Gladstone. 'Wonderful man', said Bancroft, who had by this time become Sir Squire Bancroft. 'read here that he twice refused peerage. Do you know, Pin, sometimes wish that I had had his strength of mind?'

Bancroft had a very judicious outlook; and when he had retired from the stage, which he did with a fortune at the age of forty-five in the 'eighties, he was often called upon to arbitrate in disputes involving theatrical custom. Indeed, there were contracts whose signatories undertook to arbitrate before Bancroft rather than go to law. He also liked to be consulted by young

actors about their work, and it was said that when one of them remarked, 'I propose to play the part as a man of about forty-five' Bancroft said reflectively in his baritone voice, 'Yes, or perhaps forty-six'.

But of course the dominating personality of the club at that time was Henry Irving. He was indeed the dominating personality of my boyhood, and I still have a bad amateur photograph which I took of him in the very surprising situation of riding a tricycle. This was when he came to Winchester to stay with us in the cottage which my father afterwards sold to Ellen Terry. It was rather a feat to have persuaded him to ride that tricycle, from which one day he had a nasty fall at the bottom of our hill. His usual idea of a visit to the country was to hire a two-horsed landau—there were no motor-cars yet—and survey the landscape comfortably lying back on its cushions. Indeed, comfortably lying back, with legs stretched out, was the pose in which I best remember him, even at the head of the supper table at the Garrick. That relaxed attitude did not, however, prevent him from being far the most distinguished person in the company. Nor did it prevent the company from being perfectly conscious of his eminence. He himself was conscious of it, too; and he was convinced that, being the first actor to be knighted, he would also be the last.

There is a story of his arriving one afternoon at the club and saying that he had just walked from the park with Tennyson—it was during the rehearsals at the Lyceum of Tennyson's play, 'The Cup'. As Irving described their progress, he said 'A number of people lifted their hats. Tennyson thought it was for him. Charming fellow, but vain, vain'. I think Irving himself saw the joke, for a sardonic



Sir Henry Irving, 'the dominating personality of the Garrick Club'



Sir Squire Bancroft, 'perhaps physically the most picturesque as well as the most elegant of the club's eminent men'



sense of humour was an outstanding element in his character. He was not a voluble talker, but what he said usually had a bite in it. In his art, and also in his dealings with men, he delighted in the sudden and the unexpected, and although this was sometimes devastating, it was sometimes kindly. There was a man, a super at the Lyceum, who was drunk during a performance. Next day at rehearsal, he expected to be dismissed, but when Irving came to him, he just tapped him on the forehead and said 'A little headache this morning, eh?'

The men round the long supper table of the coffee room at that time have left one hale and sturdy survivor in Allan Aynesworth, who, at the age of ninety, has happy memories of those days. It is just sixty years ago that he took the part of Algy in the original production of Oscar Wilde's 'The Importance of Being Earnest'.

Not all of the theatrical members were regular attendants at supper, one notable absentee being Charles Wyndham, who used to walk home from the theatre to take the air. But Beerbohm Tree could nearly always be found at the table, the head of which he naturally occupied after Irving's death. Gerald du Maurier really belongs to a later generation, although he was already becoming known as a younger member of Tree's company before 1900.

But John Hare, though he died as late as 1921, was an old member of the club, and belonged to it early enough to put his name—as did also Bancroft—on the sheet in the candidates' book which led to Irving's election in 1874. This sheet now hangs, framed, in the hall of the club, and behind it is the sheet of the previous year, when Irving had been blackballed. John Hare, peppery but lovable, was, in fact, rather to be found in the card-room every afternoon than in the coffee room at night. But George Alexander, Forbes Robertson, and J. M. Barrie—to mention only a few at random—were all regular attendants at the table of the Garrick in those ten years of which I am speaking.

Nearly every one of these distinguished members has left in the club some concrete evidence of his love for it. Either he presented to it one of the pieces of silver ware which graced and still grace its long table, or a picture—usually a portrait of himself in a leading part. These pictures have added contemporary lustre to the unrivalled collection of older theatrical paintings already adorning the walls: among them, the splendid group of four Zoffanys, two of which show David Garrick. Perhaps the most generous of the recent gifts to the club was that of Pinero; for he bequeathed to it one-third of his dramatic copyrights, the remaining two-thirds being divided between the Royal Literary Fund and the Middlesex Hospital.

But it was not its distinguished members alone who gave the club its character in those years of the 'nineties. There was old Joe Parkinson, who carefully dyed his hair, so that he used to be described as 'not so black as he is painted'. He once gave advice to my father about taking the cure at Gastein. 'It's expensive, of course', he said, 'but what does it matter, my dear Joe, so long as you spend it on yourself?' There was Charles Allan, long a faithful but not very distinguished member of Beerbohm Tree's company, who was noted for his malapropisms. He once told Tree that he must really repeat to him a flattering remark which he had heard from a spectator leaving the theatre. 'I can assure you', said this man, 'there are not more than three or four actors in London who can beat Tree—in his own line of business'.

Among the quaint characters might even be included the simian-looking hall porter, who was known as 'monkey brand'—after the illustrated advertisement of a soap much publicised at the time. He was once humbly apologetic for the indiscretion of a junior porter. This blunderer had handed my father his letters in the presence of my mother, who had just called for him. 'I was ashamed that such a thing should happen in this club, Mr. Carr'.

Not the least picturesque member of the Garrick was that excellent though not leading actor, Henry Kemble—of the famous theatrical family. He was unrivalled in rather pompous, portly, elderly parts, and could be very comic with his rather plaintively booming voice. He



Herbert Beerbohm Tree, 'nearly always to be found at the table, the head of which he naturally occupied after Irving's death'

assisted faithfully at the Saturday - night suppers, where he sometimes good-naturedly allowed himself to be made a butt of by other members. One night, however, a guest presumed to join in the fun, and this Harry Kemble would not stand. He rose with dignity, and said, 'Sir, I have never met such a silly fool as you' (but 'silly' was not the adjective that he used). He then walked slowly to the door, paused, and returned. 'Yes,' once. It was many years ago, in a public house at Oldham. Goodnight, Sir. Perhaps you will come again. I shall not be here'.

But for sheer quaintness and comicality, in appearance, manner of speech, waddling gait and mischievous childishness, there was of course no one to touch dear old Johnny Toole, who was not thirty-five when he was elected, long before his close friend, Irving, a younger-man by eight years. When he retired in the middle 'nineties at the age of sixty-five he had made a large fortune with unpretentious farces in his tiny theatre in King William Street, long since swallowed up by Charing Cross Hospital. This fortune he had hoped to bequeath to Irving, but Irving died just before him.

Toole insisted on playing farces in real life, as well as on the stage, and he was a glutton for practical jokes. Irving once kept him waiting for a luncheon appointment at a restaurant, and he filled in the time by slapping a total stranger heartily on the back and saying 'My dear Jenkins, how are you?' Apologies were accepted, but the matter did not end there. When Irving arrived, Toole suggested what fun it would be for him to slap the stranger on the back and address him in the same words. Irving fell into the trap.

In my childhood, Toole used to give a box at his theatre every Christmas holidays to my sister and myself; and we accepted with delight, not so much for the play, which we hardly ever understood, but because he always sent a large box of chocolates to each of us after the second act.

He lived until 1906, and when I last went to see him, he was in a bath chair at Brighton and so paralysed that he could hardly speak intelligibly. But he still insisted on telling me funny stories in a wheezy voice, and even repeated his old imitation of the guide at the Zoo which ran like this: 'This, ladies and gentlemen, is the rhinoceros, so called from two Latin words, *rhino*—'avin', and *ceros*—a 'orn upon 'is nose'. At that moment there arrived a well-known Brighton parson, who commiserated with Toole, at great length, on his condition. Toole stood it patiently, but when the cleric had gone, he murmured hoarsely 'I call that man the rotting dean'.—*Third Programme*—

In *Something Particular* (Hodder and Stoughton, 52s. 6d.) Ann Driver, the well-known broadcaster, and Rosalind Ramirez, a royal tutor, describe a series of music and movement classes for children between the ages of five and eleven which they organised at York House, St. James's Palace, in 1949. Full particulars are given of the classes, and the text is illustrated in colour by Isabel and John Morton-Sale.

Two new additions to the 'Blue Guides', edited by L. Russell Muirhead, which will be popular, are *Rome and Central Italy* and *Denmark* (Benn, 42s. and 21s. respectively).



Henry Kemble—'unrivalled in rather pompous, portly, elderly parts'—as 'the Hon. Justice Mulley' in 'Public Opinion'

Illustrations: Enthoven Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum



## Art

# Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

**A**S always the National Portrait Gallery's show of the acquisitions it has made during the year is a good deal more interesting and amusing than a first impression might suggest. The gallery is not, of course, prohibited from buying bad pictures, and in the main it is for its antiquarian or human interest that the exhibition deserves to be visited. Here there is to be met an extraordinary miscellany of eminent or curious people, drily and succinctly introduced by the labels beside each work; there is the shoemaker Robert Morrison, for example, who produced a Chinese dictionary, Tennyson as a young man holding a little book very close to his short-sighted eyes, 'AE', 'Irish poet and economist', Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, 'famous for his paintings of ancient Egyptian, Greek and Roman subjects'. The most important work is a full-length Reynolds of John Stuart, third Earl of Bute, in Garter robes; there is a suspicion that it may be a studio production but it is a most handsome and imposing picture which has cleaned better than is usual with Reynolds' paintings. A most curious little picture of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, her son Edward, and an oriental personage has an Italian look about it; it may have been painted in Italy when she was on her way back from Constantinople in 1718.

A bust of Southey by Chantrey has real distinction—it is far better than another Chantrey bust of Southey which is also in the gallery and was painted after the poet's death—and it may well prompt the reflection that Chantrey deserved to make his fortune and not to have such a use made of it. A portrait by Watts of John Passmore Edwards, the philanthropist, is not without a certain nobility of design but it was painted on loose canvas like sacking so that the paint has sunk in and has had to be brought up again by an incongruous coat of glossy varnish. A Sargent of Lord Roberts is cracking up, probably as a result of thick varnish applied too soon. An album of pencil sketches by John Partridge of artists working in southern Italy in 1825 includes portraits of William Dyce, the first English pre-Raphaelite, and Eastlake.

Leonardo Crémolini, at the Hanover Gallery, is a young Italian painter who enjoys a markedly individual vision. That his forms should be rocky or bonelike is not unusual; his originality lies in his inventive conjunctions of figures, animals and objects, in the acute tension that he almost invariably suggests, and above all in the emphatically organic quality that he finds in the spare and harsh world of his creation. His figures may be monstrous, but it appears always to be as a result of their own growth rather than of some intellectual process of abstraction imposed on them from without. There are echoes of certain modern Italian sculptors in his work but he never gives the impression that he is working in the wrong medium; his small paintings such as 'Le Chat' show how well developed is his feeling for the quality of paint and in his larger compositions he preserves the surface of the picture and does not allow it to be disintegrated by any excess of modelling in spite of

the fact that he is always concerned to emphasise the third dimension. Colour is clearly not his main interest but his use of pale earthy tints and strong reds certainly reinforces the mood of his pictures. On the whole he seems to be at his best in his paintings of animals; his horses have a terrifying violence, his cats are wonderfully remote and withdrawn, and his dogs are shrewdly and wittily observed. Though he clearly projects a state of mind of his own into the brute creation he is never unaware of the creature's individual and characteristic vitality.

The Senefelder Club is holding its regular exhibition of lithographs at the Piccadilly Gallery, 16a Cork Street. Almost all the prints are coloured and few of the artists are content to use the medium as a

draughtsman would and as it was habitually used in the last century. Instead they almost always seize on the effects of surface that the stone is particularly well adapted to produce, the mottling and graining, the textures resembling the transformations brought about by weather and time, with which the skilful craftsman can quite easily and almost mechanically learn to ornament his print. This is, of course, a fairly recent development of the medium and one for which Bonnard and Vuillard, neither of them primarily draughtsmen, were largely responsible. It has greatly enlarged the scope of lithography but in so doing has turned it into the most flattering, and to the artist whose fault is superficiality, the most dangerous, of all



'A view in Wales, with a watermill and castle', by John Varley (1778-1842), from the exhibition at Leger Galleries

mediums. In coloured lithography it is possible to get away with almost anything, the sketchiest drawing, the most banal stylisation, and even—such is the magical effect of a seductive surface—with what in any other medium would be the rawest colouring. Nevertheless some of the prints here have qualities that clearly do not derive entirely from the medium; Mr. Alastair Grant's 'Dog and Children' is a sharp and amusing piece of observation, Mr. C. Wilkinson's townscape, 'N.W.10 (No. 1)' is highly dramatic, Miss Alicia Boyle's 'Night Scene, London-derry' has a romantic effect of light, and Mr. Paul Hogarth's essays in the Chinese manner are certainly graceful.

The Leger Galleries' exhibition of early English watercolours—not all of them are in fact early—contains some good Rowlandsons and Varleys, an attractive pair of small watercolours by David Cox, two interesting views of Rome by William Marlow, and some curious and out-of-the-way works. Two landscapes painted in China by William Alexander (1767-1816) are finely executed and have a good deal of charm. By Joseph Nash, who specialised in interiors of ancient mansions peopled by their aboriginal inhabitants, there is an intensely Victorian and elaborate 'Scene from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"'. An ambitious landscape by J. C. Ibbetson and a faintly attractive seaside view by Mrs. Helen Allingham may be noticed.

The Phaidon Press has published *Nuno Gonçalves: the Great Portuguese Painter of the Fifteenth Century*, by Reynaldo dos Santos (price 42s.).



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## Mountjoy: Elizabethan General

By Cyril Falls. Odhams. 21s.

## The Tudors. By Christopher Morris.

Batsford. 21s.

A FEW WEEKS AGO Dr. Arnold Toynbee took occasion to revive an ancient accusation against the professionals who teach and study history at the universities. He argued that specialists could not be good historians because 'personal experience of the human affairs which one is trying to understand and interpret' is required in the writing of history. The two books under review—both of them good books—provide an interesting comment on this notion. One is the work of the ex-professor of military history at Oxford who before that was in lifelong contact with the world of armies and government. The author of the other has spent almost all his adult life teaching history at Cambridge. The first represents a good deal of original research; the second expressly disclaims all originality. Which of them displays a better understanding and interpretation of history?

Captain Falls has picked one of the obscurer Elizabethans who assuredly does not deserve his obscurity. Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy and Earl of Devonshire, born a country gentleman and bred a courtier and student, turned out to be perhaps the best English military commander of the age. His career, culminating in the conquest of Ireland, is here described with brilliant perceptiveness on its military side and with charity and sense in its less straightforward personal aspects. Mountjoy was not only the man who beat Tyrone; he was also for fifteen years the lover, and ultimately the husband, of Essex's fascinating sister Penelope, Lady Rich. Captain Falls is, surprisingly, more indulgent to the brother; of the remarkable Penelope he speaks in the end with scarcely veiled disapproval. But in one respect this thorough and valuable book fails to satisfy. Whenever the author leaves the immediate question of Mountjoy's life and work, he seems a little out of his depth. He remains an onlooker from outside to whom even obvious characteristics of the age retain an aspect of the exotic, so that he has to measure them against the standards of today to reassure himself.

When, on the other hand, we turn to Mr. Morris, we find a series of attractive essays on the Tudor kings and queens; if one is to choose where all is good, that on Edward VI will perhaps appear the most interesting. The book does not tell us very much that is new or out of the way, though every reader will profit from its skilful description and pungent judgements. But these essays manifestly rest on a comfortable bed of complete comprehension. Mr. Morris, indeed, can see the sixteenth century from inside. This is perhaps most obvious in the two very good introductory chapters in which the stage is set: here political, constitutional, economic, social, and cultural detail is blended into a convincing and readily assimilated picture of the kind which Captain Falls needs but never quite achieves. Mr. Morris' writing springs from the genuine and instinctive understanding which is the hallmark of the true historian; Captain Falls by comparison remains the excellent amateur. It is not a matter of reading widely or writing well: both authors have done these things. Nor is it a question of being right: neither commits errors or solecisms. His partiality for Essex apart, Captain Falls stirs no doubt or disapproval, and Mr. Morris, on his larger canvas, propounds some perhaps provoca-

tive opinions with most of which the present reviewer at least finds himself in agreement.

Where, then, does the essential difference lie? Reflection suggests, reluctantly, that one book, full of knowledge and sense and hard work though it is, has about it an air of naivety, while the other—even if it does not attempt to base itself on 'original research'—is essentially profound and sophisticated. It is the man of affairs who has written the first, the pure university specialist who has produced the second. One wonders what Dr. Toynbee would make of that.

## The Capel Letters 1814-1817

Edited by the Marquess of Anglesey.

Capel. 18s.

The muniment rooms of the great country houses continue to yield up unsuspected treasures in the way of memoirs, diaries, and letters. Lord Anglesey has done a service to historians, by editing these letters written to his ancestress, Lady Uxbridge, by members of her family. Lady Caroline Capel and her débutante daughter reveal pleasantly varied personalities in their spirited family gossip, and they also contribute some first-hand historical evidence. The Capels, with their large family, went to Brussels in 1814 'in order to live on an Economical Plan', with no thought that they were to be plunged into the midst of momentous historical events. The 'Monster Buonaparte' appeared to be safely relegated to Elba. Their round of gaiety was interrupted by the news of Napoleon's entry into Paris, and less than three months later the guns of Waterloo were audible in Brussels.

The campaign touched the Capel family very closely. Not only had they numerous 'military friends' such as the Prince of Orange and General Barnes (who had just been rejected as a suitor by one of the daughters), but Lady Caroline's brother, Lord Uxbridge, was commander of the British cavalry. Writing to her mother on June 18 she reflected that 'to an English Ear unaccustomed to such things, the Cannonading of a Real Battle is Awful beyond description, and to have one's friends walk out of one's Drawing Room into Action, which has literally been the case on this occasion, is a sensation far beyond description'. After the battle she was indignant at Wellington's 'odious despatch' 'in which no one is done justice to'. According to Greville the Duke of York also held the view that Wellington had been unjust to Uxbridge and never gave him credit for his important part in the battle. Everybody knows the story of Wellington's terse reply when Uxbridge exclaimed towards the end of the battle, 'By God, I have lost my leg'. 'Have you, by God'. The piquancy of the story is in the fact that Uxbridge had, not long before, run off with the wife of Wellington's younger brother. To complete the flavour of the contemporary scene, poor Harriet, the eldest daughter, falls a victim to the fashionable disease of unrequited love. Her letters to the Dutch Baron Trip (who was called out to a duel by her father) are a painful example of romantic melancholy in its most virulent, Byronic form.

## The Englishman's Flora. By Geoffrey

Grigson. Phoenix House. 95s.

It is always disturbing to come upon a book that one had hoped, one fine but remote day, to write oneself; the shock is, however, mitigated

by the discovery that the task has been incomparably well performed. *The Englishman's Flora* cried out to be written, and no one in England was better qualified to write it than Mr. Grigson. This is a truly delightful volume, splendidly produced and printed on the nicest paper; the price is high, but probably it could not today have been issued more cheaply.

The difficulty of making a compilation of the folk-lore associated with our native wild-flowers is considerable. It is so dangerously easy for the author of such a book to lapse into whimsicality, to serve up plateful after plateful of *quainte olde Englissh* until the stomach revolts. Yet if the task be entrusted to one who is merely a botanist, the resulting pabulum may well prove as desiccated as pemmican, as uninviting as a herbarium specimen. Mr. Grigson is a botanist; but he is also a poet and a scholar. He knows how to make his plants live. He can quote Gerard and Turner without nauseating us. Splendidly varied are the gleanings he offers us from the wide fields of his knowledge. Now he is giving us the menu of the last (vegetarian) meal eaten by the Tollund Man two thousand years ago; now we learn that the name Napoleon is probably nothing more nor less than a corruption of *Trifolium* (clover). The list of regional and vernacular plant names is the most complete available, and it is fully indexed.

The book is illustrated with woodcuts taken from four of the most important sixteenth-century continental herbals. It is a pity that the plates should have been placed, regardless of the text that they illustrate, at regular eight-page intervals (until page 373, when they abruptly cease); since art paper has not been used for them, this arrangement is wholly without advantage. Mr. Grigson's bibliography lists upwards of two hundred books. He admits that not all those mentioned in the text are included in it; it seems curious, however, to exclude such old favourites as Anne Pratt's *Flowering Plants of Great Britain* and Hilderic Friend's *Flowers and Flower Lore*, and, among the moderns, Vernon Rendall's *Wild Flowers in Literature* and not a few of the volumes of the New Naturalist Series which bear upon his theme. These are, however, but very minor criticisms of a book that is certain to give immense pleasure to all lovers of our native flora.

## The Republic of Indonesia. By Dorothy

Woodman. Cresset Press. 30s.

In view of the long-postponed general elections recently held in Indonesia, this latest book on that new Republic is of timely interest. True, it does not deal solely with the political side of the Indonesian picture. But, while ranging far and wide over the historical and cultural background and covering such aspects as social welfare, public health, and education, its prime concern is with the political scene and with the impact of nationalism, Marxism, and Islamic ideals upon it. In the light, therefore, of the recent elections and of the overthrow of Ali Sastroamidjojo's pro-Communist government two months earlier, two developments of importance that have occurred since this book was written, Miss Woodman's study of Indonesian politics and her astute observations on the personalities and organisations concerned are of particular interest at the present juncture.

It is not, of course, everyone who will agree with all she has to say. Her criticism of the colonial Powers in general and of the Dutch in particular seems unduly harsh at times. Her



bias against colonialism, moreover, tends to make her soft-pedal Soviet Russia's ulterior motives during the immediate post-war period when championing Indonesian independence in the Security Council; and, while critical of the Indonesian Communists, there are times when she seems to let them off rather more lightly than they deserve. Apart, however, from the injection of these particular prejudices, the book is extremely readable and informative and is marked by much shrewd comment:

They are not interested in ideologies but results. It matters less to many Indonesians that China is a Communist nation than that it is now a world power, laying the foundations of an industrial country. Thus, whilst the Communist Party, as such, has had only a limited appeal, it can scarcely be doubted that no political party could hope to win any considerable support by a policy based on anti-Communism; the bogey in the Indonesian mind resides in Amsterdam and Washington rather than in Moscow and Peking.

Although, in the passage quoted, she is referring specifically to Indonesia, what she says is equally applicable to all the countries of south-east Asia. It is all too apt to be overlooked, however, by the western world.

In view of the poor showing of the Indonesian socialists in the recent elections, the parallel drawn in this book between them and their Indian opposite numbers provides another example of shrewd comment. Both parties include some of the best and soundest political elements in their respective countries and each is potentially fitted for the role of a constructive Opposition and ultimately for providing a responsible government. Both are handicapped, however, by failure to recognise what Sjahrir, the able leader of the Indonesian Socialist Party, once described as the 'dangers when the intelligentsia (are) alienated from the common people'.

Like most observers of the Indonesian scene, Miss Woodman regards Sjahrir as head and shoulders above all other political figures in Indonesia. Curiously enough, considering her dislike of all things colonial, her admiration for Sjahrir is equalled only by her veneration of Stamford Raffles, to whom, incidentally, she invariably refers by the less familiar name, Sir Thomas Raffles. She, however, is not alone in this respect, and it is pleasant to note her observation that, even to this day, the people of Djogja remember Raffles with affection. For this reason, although they have now changed the names of most streets named after foreign celebrities, they have, 'in honour of Raffles', retained Djalan Malioboro (the Indonesian rendering of Marlborough) because it dates from his days.

#### Style. By F. L. Lucas. Cassell. 18s.

One of the great pleasures to be derived from this book is the copiousness of quotation, the entertaining relevance of anecdote drawn from several languages and various climes. Above all it is infused with a gay common sense, and presented with that urbanity which is becoming an ever rarer quality among critics. The book is not so much a disquisition upon style as a guide on how to write well, being developed from lectures delivered at Cambridge. What he is talking about is the kind of prose we would all write 'if only we knew how'; he knows that you cannot teach people to write great prose, only what is effective, graceful, and never boring; for style is the very man, as he insists in his second chapter. You cannot teach anybody to write like Sir Thomas Browne (not that you would want to, however much you may revel in him, as Mr. Lucas himself exuberantly does); but you can teach him to write something like, say, Dryden, Landor, or Macaulay, provided he has 'good sense and sincerity', 'good health and vitality', to borrow the titles of two of his

chapters. Impelled by the sense that 'the language must be kept up', he insists naturally on clarity and brevity, on the crime of pomposity, the fatal sin of acrimony, fatal because it may lead to dire results, as when Croker, trying to murder Macaulay committed suicide instead. He himself is never acid, even when attacking the undue attention, as he thinks, given to criticism in the schools of English at universities; though one might venture to suggest here that what is wrong is not criticism itself, but the kind of criticism, and the way it is presented.

Where he is most exciting is in his chapter on Simile and Metaphor—it is a pity that he should have taken so many of his examples from verse—together with that on The Harmony of Prose: and the worst of trying to review these chapters is that Mr. Lucas continually provokes, not opposition, but discussion. Take him on the question of blank verse cropping up in prose, that 'prose mesurée into which our language so naturally slides', as Dryden found; or as Dennis put it, 'Such verses we make when writing Prose; we make such verses in Common Conversation'. The things to be said about it are inexhaustible; it is part of the harmony of prose because it is part of our natural way of speaking. One would like to discuss still further the phrases vaguely equivalent to the *cursus* of the Classical orators, and which are so much part of the music left on the ear at the end of a sentence or paragraph: 'raise up the ghost of a rose' (Browne); 'lay all undiscovered before me' (Newton); differently in 'this region of darkness and dreams' (Berkeley).

Perhaps the one weakness of this book is that Mr. Lucas, though he speaks of communication, does not seem concerned with the question of the purpose of prose. Are you stating facts? Are you lamenting? Are you ordering? Are you persuading reasonably or trying to work up the passions? Is there a subdivision of prose you might call oratory—a field in which 'sincerity' is not to be simply defined, as in Donne's sermon on the death of James I, or Mark Antony's speech over the corpse of Caesar. These, however, are but captious carpings at a book which anybody who at all loves prose must take delight in, and which whoever tries to write prose will profit by, for Mr. Lucas is never dogmatic, and practises what he preaches.

#### The Suburban Child. By James Kenward.

Cambridge. 12s. 6d.

#### Pictures on the Pavement. By G. W.

Stonier. Michael Joseph. 18s.

#### Fred Bason's Third Diary

Edited by Michael Sadleir.

Andre Deutsch. 10s. 6d.

The distance from Suburbia to Walworth is measurable in prose. Certainly it cannot be measured in miles. For, as Mr. Kenward emphasises in *The Suburban Child*, his suburbia in its great days of half a century ago was not so much a geographical area as a state of existence. It was movable by nature, an ever-widening ripple in pursuit of buttercup fields. Now, in Mr. Kenward, this frontier life has found its Francis Parkman. He calls his book an 'incomplete memorial volume' and hopes it may be of use to some later historian. But this suggestion that he is doing a bit of historical spadework will not deceive anybody—and is not meant to deceive. He is the suburban child, a very definite article, and this history is the essence of his own childhood, which happened to coincide with what he considers (quite objectively, of course) to have been the golden age of suburbia, the years just before the first world war. Here are its remembered pleasures, the lolloping pavement-toys, the etiquette of back-garden friendship, the nursery commandeer at week-ends by a

Shandyish father and uncle for lead-soldier manoeuvres on the linoleum, the dame schools (pleasant in reminiscence at least), even a glimpse of girls, who 'for general purposes were white and bunchy'. Mr. Kenward is an ironical observer and a fine writer. Here emotion receives a hard outline, and the result is a little classic. It is perhaps too good to be true, but so are most folk-tales that persist in the memory and carry imaginative conviction. The author is worthily supported by his illustrator, Mr. Edward Ardizzone, and by his printers, for the typography is outstandingly good.

Mr. Ardizzone also illustrates *Pictures on the Pavement*, another London book. These pieces, mostly reprinted from *Punch* and *The New Statesman and Nation*, are pen-pictures of places and events in or near London. The Zoo or Madame Tussaud's, Shaw's Corner or Rillington Place—wherever we find ourselves, there too is the informative and loquacious Mr. Stonier, our guide, essayist and friend. Mr. Stonier's style is rather heavily literary, a rich mixture all the more noticeable for the brevity of these pieces, which do not allow him space to get under way. But, even if he does not reach the standard of perfection claimed by the blurb (the twelve Apostles themselves would be hard put to it to reach such heights), his book will surely please many an exile eager for a whiff from the full tide of human existence.

Mr. Fred Bason is not too good at spelling, his grammar is shaky, he has no style to speak of. But *Fred Bason's Third Diary* has the air of a book that is going to last. Most of the entries are taken from the past five or six years, but some go back to 1922 when Fred was fifteen and in mourning for Marie Lloyd. At that age he worked from 8 to 7.30 in a furniture factory for 21s. a week, hating the job and wanting 'to be a writer and seller of books'. Since then he has achieved his double ambition. For years his main source of income seems to have been the sale of second-hand books, even if his heart was really in the collection of autographs (by 1952 he had 11,171) and cigarette cards. He still lives in his native Walworth, though his reputation as diarist and broadcaster has admitted him to a wider world. This obstinate attachment to his origins is his strength. His diary is a record of London life seen by a Londoner without illusions. He is proud of his independence; he has won his own way and so is not obliged to anybody. Because he is uncommitted he can say what he thinks and be what he is. That is, he has the first qualifications of a diarist. To say he has no style to speak of is like saying the same thing of a boxer who wins by a knock-out in the first second. He gets on with the job. This diary was not written for posterity, but it will be surprising if such an uninhibited transcription of mood does not stir future researchers, or even mere readers, when more sophisticated books on London life are forgotten.

#### The Protestant Tradition

By J. S. Whale. Cambridge. 21s.

A feature of the religious scene during the past generation or so has been the emergence of a vigorous, dogmatic Protestantism which has rid itself of the trammels of modernism and looks for inspiration to the Reformation fathers. Dr. Whale is a leader of this movement in England, and his book is an eloquent product of it. Much of the material composing it was originally delivered as lectures before American audiences, which perhaps explains the somewhat rhetorical, even sermon-like, style. There is nothing popular, however, about the contents, for Dr. Whale is a scholar who knows his sources and can illustrate his argument with knowledge derived from many fields.

As its title implies, the book is a study of



Protestantism in its classical forms, always with an eye to their contemporary relevance. As such it divides into four parts, the first dealing with Luther, the second with Calvin, the third with the sect-type as manifested by the independents, and the last with selected issues facing Protestantism to-day. The historical sections, though necessarily brief, focus attention on the leading doctrines of the Reformers, such as Luther's theory of justification, Calvin's preoccupation with the sovereignty of God, and the emphasis on the voluntary principle among the independents. The closing section is concerned with such questions as toleration, the conflict between Church and State, and the need for Church unity.

Dr. Whale is at his best when elucidating the great ideas of the sixteenth century. He has a first-hand knowledge of the Reformers' writings, and his sympathy for them is warm and unconcealed, though never uncritical. Luther is his particular hero: the hundred pages devoted to him are the best in the book, and make the different aspects of his teaching wonderfully clear. But he is almost equally good on Calvin, drawing out, for example, with patient skill the progressive phases of his doctrine of the Church. One may perhaps criticize his passing remark that, whereas the modern world is horrified by Calvin's doctrine of election, it cheerfully accepts the scientific doctrine of natural selection. If it does so, it is only because the latter is not tied up with the belief in an omnipotent, loving God. In general, however, the reader should find in these sections a bracing, up-to-date introduction to the thought of the Reformation.

When Dr. Whale passes to modern issues, his discussion inevitably becomes more controversial. His consideration of toleration, for example, is in effect a reasoned tirade against the Roman Catholic Church. The argument, however, has a somewhat old-fashioned flavour: even those who in principle agree may feel that he has not sufficiently weighed the case against toleration, nor done justice to the Roman system. Again, many will agree that the sanctity of the individual is ultimately bound up with religious values. But it is surely going too far to assert that the special status claimed for him 'is his only because Christ died for him'. As regards the Church, Dr. Whale, like other free-churchmen, seems to have discarded old-time prejudices about establishment; and he argues eloquently for the union of the main Protestant communions. His plea carries force, although it is not easy to see how the revival of positive Protestant dogma, as delineated in this book, is going to make the path to reunion smooth.

**Documents on Germany under Occupation 1945-54.** Selected and edited by Beate Ruhm von Oppen. Oxford. 63s.

**German Democracy at Work.** Edited by James Pollock. Oxford, for Michigan University Press. 36s.

Chatham House is to be congratulated upon making these important and elusive German documents available. Miss Ruhm von Oppen implies in her note on translation that her main effort went into making accessible to western readers the significant documents relating to the Soviet Zone of Germany. In grappling with the jargon which passes for German there she has performed a Herculean labour with—as far as those who have delved less thoroughly may judge—signal success.

The principles upon which her general selection was based are explained in the preface;

one aim was to supplement, not duplicate, the Chatham House series of *Documents on International Affairs*, another to illustrate themes upon which the political limelight has not played; it was decided 'to print the most important documents at length rather than to give short extracts from a larger number'. This decision, like most of the others involved, cannot have been easy: it usefully provides the reader with, for instance, the complete text of Mr. Byrnes' speech at Stuttgart which was curtailed in his own memoir, *Speaking Frankly*. On the other hand, anyone tracing the post-war history of the Saar may be disappointed to find themselves taken straight from the Franco-Saar Conventions of 1950 to the Franco-German Agreement of October 1954 without any reference to the revision of the 1950 Conventions in May 1953.

*German Democracy at Work* provides a fairly elementary study of the Federal Republic today. It adopts a consciously American approach and expresses the optimism of most Americans with regard to the future of Germany. There are one or two unfortunate formulations; for instance, 'the role of a loyal and permanent opposition party' since 1869 is claimed for the Socialist party, when in fact the Socialists were outlawed from 1878 until 1890. But there is a good deal of interesting information about the way in which western Germany voted in the last general election in September 1953. This book seems very expensive for what it contains.

**John Evelyn and his Family Circle**  
By W. G. Hiscock.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

There is now, at Christ Church, Oxford, an Evelyn archive, under Mr. Hiscock's skilful hands, which can give us exact answers to all our questions about John Evelyn. We can learn how far his high religious passion for Margaret Blagge was in fact the half-sublimated possessive lust of an ageing man oddly blinded to the attractions of an excellent wife. We can now judge how far his little prodigy was a white hen's chicken. We can even read the direction she gave to his son about sexual intercourse with his bride.

In this book, and in the earlier book which he published about Evelyn's relations with Margaret, Mr. Hiscock has chosen to select and annotate his very important material with Evelyn's literary autobiography in mind, and present him as a personality in the round, stripping away what he calls the 'unhealthy surface piety under which Evelyn has been allowed to shelter'. He has done this to some extent at the expense of his responsibility as a historian. For his subject was an important man, close to the centre of political power and to the growing points of social and intellectual change throughout his eighty-six years. He could have written a long and scholarly historian's biography, which illuminated Evelyn's literary personality only by sidelight.

Though this book is not such a work, it is a very scrupulous and accurate one. There is a great deal to be learnt from it on a great many subjects, from the exact behaviour of Sunderland in the crisis of 1688-9 to the price of a week's lodging at various times and places in the Stuart age. As a commentary on men, manners, and opinions it will be of lasting value. As a companion piece to the *Diary*, too, it is most welcome: in Mrs. Evelyn we find a charming personality, very much alive in Mr. Hiscock's pages. But there will be those, and this reviewer is amongst them, who would have preferred on the whole that the Evelyn papers should have been allowed to wait for full-scale general treatment. Mr. Hiscock does not convince us by his attempt to make Evelyn confess to the sin which he feels

is the critical one, that he tried to prevent Margaret Blagge from marrying Sidney Godolphin. His chosen method makes his books somewhat desultory and episodic, and his lapses into the taste of the nineteen-twenties make for dreary passages.

One feels as one puts Mr. Hiscock's two monographs into their places on the shelves that the enigma of Evelyn's personality is greater than ever. And the historian's appraisal of the Evelyn archives remains to be done.

**Social Group Work in Great Britain**  
Edited by Peter Kuenstler.

Faber. 12s. 6d.

The publication of this collection of essays on different forms of social group work is a sign of the times. People have co-operated in groups ever since the beginnings of human society, but only fairly recently, first in America and now in England, is the significance of group membership being scientifically considered. In the old days, it is argued, man enjoyed the security of his family, his kin and his village. Today, in our impersonal world, he feels cold, isolated, and insignificant. Group participation brings him the companionship and the variety of human intercourse which are necessary for his happiness and for the enrichment of his personality.

True, as Lady Morris reminds us in her contribution, only a relatively small proportion of the population are what one might call 'joiners', but it does not follow from that that the majority are satisfied with their informal friendships. It may indeed be the case that more people could be catered for if the function of group membership were more closely examined.

It is to the examination of different kinds of groups and the needs they satisfy that the contributions to this volume are addressed. The arrangement is chronological. After a general introduction by the editor and a historical survey by Dr. Spencer, we have essays on group work with children by J. L. Peterson and with adolescents by Dr. Macalister Brew. Church clubs, settlements, and community centres are discussed by Miss Sheelah Forster and other adult groups by Lady Morris. Then comes the essay, which certainly ought to have come much earlier, on 'group dynamics' by Professor Curle, an admirable description of the therapeutic importance of group work, and at the end Professor Wilson sums up.

It is only a brief introduction to the subject, but its many-sidedness is well brought out, and we may note with satisfaction the recurrent theme that if a group is to do its job it must be enjoyable as well as purposive.

**The History of Photography**

By Helmut and Alison Gernsheim.

Oxford. 70s.

Mr. and Mrs. Gernsheim have not only described the history of European photography from its beginnings up to 1914, but have started their book with the history of the camera obscura and camera lucida, as well as the early scientific observations on the darkening of silver salts under light. Their excellent book, carefully documented and well supplemented with contemporary quotations, contains some 360 illustrations—mostly from the author's own fine collection—which form a delightful pictorial survey of the Victorian era, quite apart from displaying the ever-growing mastery over the technique of photography. But it is a melancholy fact that as the techniques improved the artistic vision seems often to have faded, and there are no modern portrait photographers to excel Mrs. Cameron and Nadar and few 'pictorial' practitioners to rival Silvy and Emerson,



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Flexibility

WE BEGAN THE YEAR with the distant prospect of B.B.C. television battling it out with the I.T.A. We end it in no doubt about B.B.C. supremacy in most departments and in its 'documentary' activities particularly. Alternative television has possibly rendered its greatest

inept; for instance, asking various small boys in the Christmas shopping crowds what they thought of the 'Butler squeeze'. That sort of thing gives television a bad name.

Religious sentiment was provided for during Christmas week by two B.B.C. camera excursions to Canterbury Cathedral, a transmission from the Belgian abbey of Tongerlo, a televised Christmas morning service from St. Martin's parish church, Birmingham, and a film about Bethlehem on Christmas night. At Canterbury,

ings of midnight Mass at Tongerlo in an unfaltering hour-long transmission, for which they owe thanks to B.B.C. and Belgian Flemish Television Service engineers. It was another example of a kind of technical co-operation which the B.B.C. can pre-eminently command. At Birmingham, the televised Christmas morning service was diversified on our screens by charmingly preoccupied child faces in close-up.

'Look' brought Heinz Sielmann back to the studio, this time with a film about hamsters, made during studies of that endearing small animal in its wild state in Germany. Though lacking the excitements of his woodpecker film, this record of rodent life and death showed again the exceptional patience of a natural-history photographer who has given us some of our most enjoyable viewing. 'Look' has been one of B.B.C. television's successes of the year nearly gone.

Without venturing on a retrospective survey of B.B.C. television in this old year, we can pause here to consider two programme ideas which have provoked misgivings. 'Is This Your Problem?' and 'This Is Your Life' encourage a kind of exhibitionism that is alien to our English temperament. The first-named brings the more intimate aspects of the citizens' advice bureaux into the realm of showmanship, making a conspicuously publicised virtue out of what is by no means a necessity while there are at hand

various private sources of guidance and help. The programme highlights a kind of well-doing in which no sacrifice is required of the doers who, on the contrary, are presumably paid for doing it. In any event, the problems it poses demonstrate an endemic disinclination to face one's own troubles, stand on one's own feet, to conform to all those other familiar moral clichés which reflect personal independence and dignity. In that sense, it is a sad affair and the professional sincerity with which it is conducted makes it more so.

As for 'This Is Your Life', the programme in which a

unsuspecting member of the studio audience finds himself the central figure of a cunningly contrived potted biography, it offends by its shameless transatlantic exploitation of personal privacy, and even more by its cold-hearted assumption that the victim will necessarily be complacent. Both these programmes are evidence that B.B.C. television supremacy is not going to be maintained in 1956 without concessions to some of the more callous popular tastes.

REGINALD POUND

### DRAMA

#### While Shepherds Watched

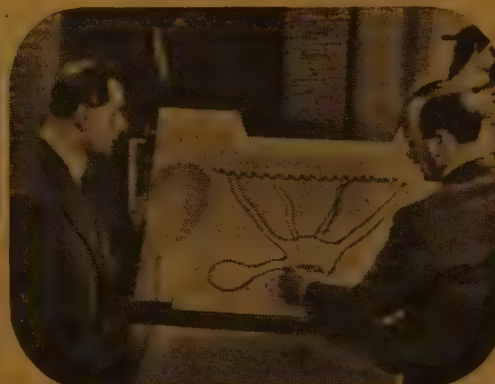
THIS WAS THE FIRST CHRISTMAS I had watched television when Christmas fell on a Sunday. In the arcana where we sort our impressions, the several days of the television week are subtly dedicated. The earring-swinging Lady Barnett, bringer of joy; compassionate Edana Romney; the avuncular Eric Robinson—like the deities of the ancient calendar, like Thor his Thursday or Moon her Monday, each has a right to our



As seen by the viewer: 'Pilgrimage to Canterbury' on December 21—a view of the cathedral, and the tomb of Henry IV and his Queen, Joan of Navarre, in Trinity Chapel



'Look' on December 20: a European hamster, from a film made by Heinz Sielmann; and (right) Peter Scott drawing a hamster's burrow while Heinz Sielmann looks on



Photographs: John Cura

service to viewers, so far, in stimulating the B.B.C. to demonstrate a resource and flexibility unlikely to be available to any rival for some time to come.

An outstanding example was the 'Saturday-night Out' relay, on Christmas Eve, from a wide-ranging range of United States army, navy, and air force stations in this country. The network arrangements were superb; we were swung up and down the country with a force of magic thoroughly appropriate to the season and promising greater ingenuities to come. A foretaste of them was given in the same programme series the week before. Arrivals at London Airport saw on a television screen their relatives and friends waiting to welcome them home to the north of England. Fantasy had become fact. Rarely can a miracle have been received with less enthusiasm. The persons selected for central prominence in the experiment seemed almost wilfully impervious to its astonishments.

The fact that I.T.A. news time has already been cut is not necessarily a sign of surrender to B.B.C. superiority. Costs are said to be part of the explanation. But the dispassionate viewer will have made up his mind by now that the rigid B.B.C. formula for news presentation is preferable to the wavering values of I.T.A. news judgement and especially to the first-person pronoun approach. Christopher Chataway reading: 'The latest news I have from Cyprus...' does not impress as much as his amateur status in another form of endeavour. The I.T.A. news people have had a good try at taking the stiffness out of news broadcasting, but it seems that success has not finally crowned their efforts. Some of their news interviewing is painfully

we were received in full regalia by the Dean, who recited guide-book information about the cathedral and then withdrew, to reappear at the end of the programme with some seasonable, and by no means unreasonable, propaganda for peace among the nations. The intervening visual episodes showed that the producer, John Vernon, had given sensitive consideration to the use of the cameras, which most faithfully portrayed the lithic dignity of their surroundings. The script, by Harry Green, had its over-written passages, with the Becket theme given too much pivotal weight. Hywel Davies, speaking it, took adequate care of the stresses, good and bad. Back in the cathedral again later for carol singing, we passed visually in procession through the Norman undercroft, and the cameras did their duty by that occasion, too, particularly in achieving effects of depth and distance as the choir went on its unfolding and beautifully harmonious way. This time the producer was Berkeley Smith and it must be said that he, likewise, made good use of his opportunity to give us a memorable programme.

Catholic viewers were joined to the happen-



thoughts and affections for that named whether we actually see them or not. Christmas falling as it did upset this: but I was able to bear it. Watching 'Music for You' on a Sunday evening had the far-off excitement of something daring: eating sweets in Lent.

It was a very good Christmas night in fact, with Miss Peters most cordially hoping that if one were alone one would still enjoy it. And why not? 'Bird in Hand' is higher high jinks than most pubs of its kind in fact turn out to be on the Christmas night, and really the Variety shows, 'Music for You', and even the weather man (who had had a real fling in Pantomania the night before) seemed really happy. 'Music for You' put up a formidable bill of stars.

When I found out that Gigli in fact was appearing on film, my first reaction was to think we should have had a live, younger tenor star, rather than the veteran on tape. And for a moment, too, Miss Joan Hammond singing 'Home Sweet Home' at a glass bauble on a fir twig as if she meant to shatter it by sound alone seemed incongruously generous a helping of Christmas goodwill. But there was much talent and a carnival jollity which looked like reconstructions of those mauve and gilt-edged picture postcards of love-lorn matelots and their molls sold by French stationers.

Turning backwards, Christmas Eve was more distinguished by its Children's Television play than by 'The Adventures of Annabel' which I confess to finding—shall we say?—confusing sometimes. And the night before, 'The Holly and the Ivy' made the really satisfying Christmas meal in the way of drama. Wynyard Browne's play has lodged itself firmly in public regard, and who can wonder? It is about people who are really 'felt' and about a malaise which families, however loving, do strongly experience at this season perhaps more than any. 'Only connect'—the Forsterian message is in every line of it, and it is both funny and touching in a way that sends one back to the Priestley of 'Time and the Conways' for comparisons.

'How quiet it is!', says Aunt Lydia (Margaret Halstan). But it was not so. A steady undertone of coughs, squeaks, and scrapes accompanied much of this production, the carollers apparently missed their cue, like the lady of Spain, not once in a while but again and again and again, and there was one moment when mere words seemed beyond anyone present. In spite of that, I enjoyed it very much: Jill Balcon's generous and self-sacrificing sister; the aunts (Maureen



'Bird in Hand' on December 25, with (left to right) Charles Victor as Mr. Blanquet, Beatrice Varley as Alice Greenleaf, Terry-Thomas as Cyril Beverley, Herbert Lomas (at back) as Thomas Greenleaf, and William Mervyn as Ambrose Godolphin, Q.C.

Delany as well as Miss Halstan for whom the parts one cannot help thinking must have been written, so perfectly do they fit) and William Devlin, Pamela Alan, Terence Brook, and others. It was like looking through a window at some family one knows well.

'The Devil's General' on the other hand—Zückmayer's idea of how some of the 'good' Germans behaved in Berlin during the war—a strongly written melodrama, with undeniably fine scenes here and there—held me at arm's length by trying to adapt itself to equivalent British terms. No doubt it had to try and Rudolph Cartier was right. We couldn't have borne 'accents', but the fact is that such characters as the roughneck batman did not translate into terms of Sam Wellerish cockney (Michael Brennan) and there were many times when one said 'I could believe in this or that if only they looked German and didn't look so like English actors and actresses'. Marius Goring himself carried a great deal of conviction but the sketches of the Nazi maiden (Naomi Chance), the great Berlin actress (Margaretta Scott) and her protégée (Helena Hughes) remained, for me, merely bits of acting, exposed under the lens. Isobel Dean broke through strongly in one scene: and there was a high level of serious character acting all round. But the play seems, especially in English, to stand outside the truth and idealise, and, indeed, sentimentalise. It was a strong, hard-hitting production.

The scenes from the Sadler's Wells 'Bartered Bride' came over cheerfully, though one missed the colour of Reece Pemberton's dresses, and to my mind the ideal snap and sparkle were wanting in the music, too. 'Amahl', a yearly fixture by now it would seem, still misses its first boy singer here, though a pair sharing

the role this year coped competently.

I look forward to B.B.C. 1956 television—if it keeps up as at present. At a year's end when the B.B.C. has been challenged and has met the challenge so triumphantly, my last word ought to be simply one of congratulation. In fact, it must be one of personal apology, too, for having last week in a pre-Christmas haze misquoted Othello by adding an 'un' from Hamlet's 'uncanonised bones' and by one syllable having made nonsense of my criticism of Gordon Heath, the verse problem, and any patient reader's efforts to follow my meaning.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

## Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Making It Up

ONE OF THE STERNEST critics I know said of a pantomime comedian, 'It didn't sound as if he was making it up as he went on'. Quite right: the dear



'The Holly and the Ivy' on December 23, with (left to right) Maureen Delany and Margaret Halstan as the Aunts, Terence Brook as Mick, William Devlin as the Rev. Martin Gregory, Pamela Alan as Margaret, Jill Balcon as Jenny, and Robert Sansom as Richard Wyndham

man, after sweating through a complicated agony of rehearsal, was not noticeably spontaneous. But he should have sounded so: many marks lost. A great merit of Peter Jones and Peter Ustinov is that they do sound as if they are making it up. In 'All at Sea' (Light), with which they enlivened Boxing Day, they impressed us with the idea that they were flicking gently from one nautical air or grace to the next as the fancy took them. I was glad, for old time's sake, that they searched for H.M.S. *Cophthorne*: it took us back to the lost days when they hunted weekly for Cophthorne Avenue.

Once on the rolling deep they found themselves meditating on the cinema and the theatre. I wait feverishly for the showing, at my local cinema, of 'Ten Fathoms Is Their Heritage: the Epic of the Eel-Men', which is, of course, an Eeling Picture—and, if you dislike puns, let me suggest gently that this is the season of goodwill. Ustinov and Jones establish the Human Eel Research Station at Bodmin—fresh excitement for that charming town where, a few years ago, one could have seen 'Hamlet' in Russian. The Human Eel centre seems to be a terrifying place: its students spend twelve hours a day in an electrified tank under the piercing supervision of 'an entirely new Jack Hawkins'. We have also an entirely new John Mills, Richard Attenborough, and Ronald



'The Devil's General' on December 18, with Isobel Dean as Anne Eilers and Marius Goring (extreme right) as General Harras



Shiner; and Ustinov and Jones took them, and us, with relish, through a ten-minute epic that made me believe that these eel-men, if not yet in the war records, certainly ought to be.

It was something of a dive to the manoeuvres of a nautical farce, 'Petticoats, Ahoy!' in which Jones and Ustinov—still with us—touched upon that situation, so familiar in the Navy, when an Admiral of the Fleet meets his daughter Sally on board, disguised as a midshipman. We had hardly surfaced again before we were in the middle of a throbbing documentary on Fish (in prehistory 'Fish were here, waiting for Man'). Thence to a fishy interview with someone Jones and Ustinov assured us was Ludwig Koch (subject, the language of fish), and so at last to an unhappy moment when we knew that H.M.S. *Cophorne* was nowhere on the rolling deep: it was merely a shore station near Loughborough. ('In Lincolnshire', added either Ustinov or Jones. But what has Leicestershire done?). Again the two of them, chameleons incorporated, had turned themselves into more people within the hour than anyone since Emlyn Williams in 'Bleak House'. There are a few subjects still untouched: I hope we shall not have to wait until Boxing Day for a return visit.

'Between Two Worlds', a series that proved to be as stimulating as it was complex, ended with 'A Sort of Traitors' (Home). This was Frederick Bradnum's version of the Nigel Balchin novel about a community in which life seemed to be as intense as at the Human Eel Research Station. And the moral? Apparently that 'Science matters, but the individual scientist doesn't matter a damn'. Mr. Balchin can always plait his people into emotional reef knots though here he has more trouble than usual in unpicking them again. The play fixed us in performance—thanks to Mr. Bradnum's production, and to a cast of suitable intensity: Anthony Jacobs, Charles Hodgson, and others. If ever I have to be hunted down, may it be by Philip Cunningham (echoing Mr. Padge's 'That's right!') who turns detection into the most beguiling game.

Everyone in 'A Sort of Traitors' has a chance. No doubt it is so in 'Miss Mole' (Home), and yet, a day or two after the play, I recall only Gladys Young. In every phrase she realised her sister's creation—the woman of resolution and common sense for whose happiness we hope, so urgently. Mary Hope Allen produced with gentle art.

From these domesticities it was a spring-heeled leap to James Bridie's Mesopotamia and Northern Persia. A new biography has set people arguing about the best of the Bridie plays. The most loved, I think, must always be 'Tobias and the Angel' (Home), where Bridie certainly seemed to be making it up as he went on, and managed—though wandering dangerously—to get his characters safe to harbour. A radio revival kept the play's warmth. Though I could not hear it all, it was obvious that James McKechnie had the glowing quality for Raphael, whose revelation ('golden armour and great wings') is so strong a theatrical coup.

I wish that I could have felt as happy about the adventures of the 'little man' in 'Hello, Christmas Playmates' (Home). Not even the Christmas spirit could persuade me that this was funny, though Arthur Askey and confederates toiled on, and Irene Handl loyally distorted her vow-ulls. It sounded as if the authors had made it up as they went on, but also as if their main idea of fun was to drag in as many proper names as possible. This is getting to be like Jack Point's 'Pass the mustard'. Say 'Norman Wisdom' or 'Gilbert Harding', and we must roar our ribs out. But do we? ... Never mind: it is the season of goodwill.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Assessments

'THE CRITICS'—that weekly airing of personal views, professional and amateur, and the intelligent discussion of them—may be, and doubtless is, put to very different uses by its various listeners. There are some, I suppose, still at the learner stage, who listen to the broadcast as to a sort of composite lecture, taking notes the while and then, primed with the information and suggestions they have gathered, themselves read the book and attend the play, film, and art exhibition which have been discussed.

There need be nothing to be ashamed of in this. The learners are not necessarily on the look out for second-hand opinions but simply for some guidance, a few hints on what to look for in order to learn how to appreciate the themes of the discussion. Other listeners of a more mature kind may go to the length of noting the items chosen for the following week and acquainting themselves with some or all of them before the next broadcast. These can switch on 'The Critics' fully prepared to follow the discussion, agree or disagree, from first-hand knowledge, with the views expressed, and also perhaps pick up some new ideas and points of view. But there must be a large proportion of listeners who live too far from London to check up on 'The Critics' except as regards the chosen book and broadcast. None the less, for a listener interested in the arts, discussion of a particular work of art is often worth listening to whether he has read, seen, or heard it or not; for such discussions inevitably raise general questions, aesthetic, technical, and historical, to which he can silently register his cordial agreement or violent antagonism.

I, who live within what may be called uneasy reach of London, usually find myself among this third variety, but last week I was level with 'The Critics' in respect of one item, namely the Scofield-Brook 'Hamlet'; indeed I was ahead of them by several weeks, and not only of them but of the whole of the U.S.S.R. into the bargain, having made the acquaintance of this 'Hamlet' a few days after his birth in Brighton last October. I was unable, as in so much else, to see eye to eye with the Russians, but I agreed with much of what 'The Critics' said. In one particular, however, they surprised me, and so did all the dramatic critics I have read on this production. Ernest Thesiger was, I thought, the best of all the many Poloniuses—or should I say Polonii?—that I have seen. John Summerston was, as usual, an admirable leader of the sextet and the talk was lively and interesting and, by a happy chance, the voices of the critics were so clearly differentiated that there was never any doubt about who was speaking.

When listening to a very good talk, the first of two by George Pendle, on 'Argentina in Perspective', I recalled a typically Conradian remark by the author of *Nostromo* when referring to the public gardens—the Alameda—of the mythical town of Sulaco in the mythical South American Republic of Costaguana. 'The Alameda', he said, 'where the military band plays sometimes in the evenings between the revolutions'. For it is by their revolutions and civil wars, which loom so large in our eyes and newspapers while they last, that those of us who are a little weak in the subject of history are apt to judge some of the South American republics and even their parent country in Europe. What we lack, in short, is perspective and it was a three-dimensional picture of Argentina that Mr. Pendle painted for us in this fascinating talk. He described the character of the people, derived from the gauchos of earlier days whom the hard life on the pampa trained to self-reliance and a high idea of their own importance. To this day, he said, the Argentinians are more ready to be influenced by a

dazzling personality than by mere political opinion, and it was only when ex-President Perón underestimated the reaction to his anti-Catholic attitude that he fell from power. There has been a long rivalry between the provinces and the capital and it is significant that the revolt against Perón rose not in Buenos Aires but in the provincial city of Cordova.

For his 'Talking of Books' Philip Toynbee chose Gordon N. Ray's *Thackeray, The Uses of Adversity* and Geoffrey Tillotson's *Thackeray the Novelist*, and with these as his text he drew up a careful and, as I thought, very just estimate of the novelist and the man.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## MUSIC

### 'The Khovansky Plot'

MUSSORGSKY'S LAST OPERA, 'Khovanshchina', has two things against it—its title and its libretto. The title, which many people find difficult to pronounce, and which I can only spell correctly (I hope) by taking much thought, could be made intelligible by translation as 'The Revolt of the Khovanskys' or 'The Khovansky Plot'. The libretto, which was Mussorgsky's own work, was left in the same inchoate state as the music, and had to be tidied up by Rimsky-Korsakov, who omitted one or two scenes and abridged others. A great deal of criticism has been levelled against Rimsky-Korsakov's editorial activities, but whatever his faults in the matter of 'Boris', he made 'Khovanshchina' viable on the stage. The omitted scenes, whatever their musical value, are certainly not very relevant to the drama, which they would tend to make even more disjointed than it is in the version broadcast at the beginning of last week.

Like the other Russian history- or chronicle operas 'Khovanshchina' proceeds from episode to episode with little or nothing in the way of logical transitions. Perhaps the Russian audience was assumed to know the facts of the Empress Sophia's Regency and Peter the Great's assumption of full power at the age of seventeen. The lack of any explicit statement of the historical background was supplied last week by the excellent narrative written by Professor Abraham, who tersely and lucidly provided all the missing pieces in the puzzle, and so made the opera's action really intelligible.

The performance, a recorded one, by the Belgrade Opera made impressive listening. An episodic, historical opera of this kind suffers less than more melodramatic works from the absence of the visual scene. And, despite some weak patches, the music itself is generally so vividly descriptive that the listener has little difficulty in conjuring up the stage-action. The scrivener writing down the denunciation of the Khovansky Princes; Marfa prophesying doom or lamenting lost love, above all, the sinister scene leading to the assassination of Prince Ivan Khovansky with its Persian dances and the ironically sugared chorus of praise; and, again, the wonderful little thumbnail-sketch of Prince Golitsyn being driven away into exile, where nothing is said beyond some disjointed comments by the bystanders—all these things make their effect potentially enough.

Christmas music has been represented in the Home Service, as usual, by a performance of Handel's 'Messiah' and the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols in King's College Chapel, whence we heard a forerunner of the first part of Handel's oratorio, Schütz's 'Christmas Story', a fortnight ago. 'Messiah' came from Huddersfield, and in Huddersfield there is 'no d—d nonsense' about musicology and eighteenth-century methods of performance. Huddersfield has a magnificent large choir and wishes to hear it, and a large choir needs a big orchestra



to balance it. So the performance conformed to the traditional style, modified by Sir Malcolm Sargent's ability to keep grandeur from becoming heavy or pompous. The choir sang with their customary splendid tone and, though they would have dropped some marks for attack in a competition festival—the altos came in 'like Brown's cows' at the beginning of 'Behold the Lamb of God'—they were lively, accurate, and well-balanced. Of the soloists, neither soprano nor contralto did themselves much credit, but Webster Booth gave the best performance of the tenor part I have heard for a very long time, with beautiful tone allied to shapely phrasing, while Hervey Alan's resonant tone and flexible bass was fully equal to the demands of 'The Trumpet Shall Sound' in the original version.

The Third Programme gave two performances

of a modern Christmas Oratorio, Vaughan Williams' 'Hodie', which can hold up its head beside august old masterpieces, because the composer has approached his task with the humility of true greatness and a simple directness of mind. His solution of the problem of the narrative by giving it to treble voices singing a sort of plainchant with organ accompaniment is completely successful, and some of the individual movements, particularly the setting of Hardy's 'The Oxen' and the March of the Three Kings, are among the most beautiful things he has created. The performance conducted by Alfred Wallenstein was at all points admirable, the soloists (Nancy Evans, Eric Greene, and Gordon Clinton) being those who sang in the first performance and so thoroughly at home in the music; and the boys of Watford

Grammar School sang their recitatives clearly and with good tone. The B.B.C. Chorus and Orchestra contributed to the success of the programme.

The week saw the end of the series of Rubbra's Symphonies and of Bartók's Quartets. Apart from some poor playing by the wood-wind, Rubbra's Sixth Symphony was given a good performance by the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra under Ian Whyte. The Juilliard Quartet has maintained an extraordinarily high standard of technical virtuosity and interpretative understanding throughout the Bartók series. Perhaps the opening of the Fifth Quartet was a little too nicely played for its ferocity—it can hardly be too violent—but it would be hard to find any other fault in their playing, which culminated in a superb performance of the Sixth Quartet.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## 'Die Frau ohne Schatten'

By SCOTT GODDARD

Richard Strauss' opera will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 4.40 p.m. on Sunday, January 1

IF ever an opera demanded to be heard and assessed only by a prepared, initiated listener it is 'Die Frau ohne Schatten'. The plot is intricate and the telling of it is further complicated by double meanings. Physical actualities have other, pathological significance; the falcon that plays a decisive part is more than a bird because, like Leonardo da Vinci's vulture, it is part of a sex fantasy. These matters are not altogether clear from study of the libretto, a fact which makes it the more difficult to get close to the opera. For that we must turn to the short novel, the long-short story that Hofmannsthal seems to have had at the back of his mind from the outset and which he finished after the libretto and issued some few months before the first performance of the opera, giving it the same title.

In the long list of Richard Strauss' operas, beginning in 1894 with 'Guntram' and ending with 'Capriccio' forty-seven years later, 'Die Frau ohne Schatten' comes midway (1917). Strauss worked on it for three years. It then waited another two years before it was eventually produced in Vienna on October 10, 1919. It is the third of the six operas for which Hofmannsthal provided Strauss with those remarkably sensitive and poetic libretti that have made his name as great in music as his plays and novels in literature. Of all the plots that he provided for Strauss, this is the most elaborate.

The first sign of it is in a letter he wrote to Strauss in 1911. 'Before my inner vision there appears something that fascinates me and that I certainly must pursue . . . a tale of magic with two men and two women the opposing factions. . . . The whole thing, as I see it there in the air before me (though not yet clear . . . important subsidiary characters still hang back) takes on something, incidentally, of "Zauberflöte"'. Strauss was immediately interested and, as was his nature, asked quickly for something to work on. But Hofmannsthal, for whom this tale above all else he had created for Strauss seemed to be particularly personal, intimate, and important, replied, 'With such exquisite material as is the "Frau ohne Schatten", the rich outcome of a fortunate moment of time . . . it would be a crime if one were hasty, if one forced the pace'. And so Strauss had to wait the inspiration of the poet.

That was 1911. Two years later, during which time 'Ariadne' had appeared, Hofmannsthal is still keeping Strauss at bay. 'For Heaven's sake I beg you not to be impatient about "Frau ohne Schatten"; otherwise you will do harm not only to my nerves but to the

work itself. It is a fearfully difficult task; more than once I have found myself profoundly discouraged. . . . But at the end of December 1913 the poet writes to the musician outlining the characters and suggesting the quality of voice, and by implication the style of music each might have; an extraordinarily illuminating communication. With it Hofmannsthal sends the opening scene of the first act, a definitive draft at last. From that moment Strauss sets to and the opera begins to take shape.

The chief characters are five in number; the aristocratic couple, lofty and withdrawn above common humanity, the woman wholly belonging to the world of spirits, her husband partially under the same influence; then the nurse who attends the woman; and the other couple, low-born, earthy, completely human. The action deals with the conflict between the two worlds of ordinary mankind personified by Barak the weaver and his wife, and the world of the spirits ruled by Keikobad and represented in the tale by his daughter the Empress and her husband. (And again it may be suggested that it is the novel that will provide the clearest view of these personages and prepare the listener for the inevitably compressed libretto.)

Keikobad's child inherits from her mother the gift of exchanging her nature with that of animals, it may be a fish or, as happens when the story begins, a gazelle. Out hunting one day the Emperor watches his favourite falcon swoop to a deer, and reaching the spot he sees the falcon hovering over a gazelle and beating its wings on the animal's eyes. The Emperor is about to throw his spear when the deer turns into a woman, Keikobad's child forced to resume her normal shape in order to escape death. She becomes his Empress, she whose crystalline body throws no shadow. The sinister Nurse attends her in her new life, and each month comes a messenger from Keikobad asking if, by any fateful chance, she has thrown a shadow, become a human being, a potential mother. When the opera begins, three days are left of the term allowed by Keikobad. If at the end of that time the Empress still has no shadow she must return to the spirit world and the Emperor be turned to stone.

On earth Barak, that good, honest man, lives in uneasy partnership with his wife; she finds him dull, he worships her. To their hovel come two strange women, offering the weaver's wife their service for three days. It is the Empress and the Nurse. The reward they ask is the woman's shadow. She is willing though Barak wants her to bear him children; and now begins

the interplay of desire with desire, greed with greed, that is the stuff of the opera. The characters having by this time revealed themselves in the round, their fortunes, intricate and complicated though they are, can be followed with comparative ease. One character alone is not yet fully revealed; the Empress still has to attain the human level and thus display her threefold nature as a being linked with the world of spirits, of animals, and eventually of humanity.

The second act is concerned mainly with the machinations of the Nurse as she finally wins over Barak's wife to her plan for giving up her shadow so that the Empress may obtain it and the Emperor be saved.

With the third act the opera reaches the moment of trial when the two couples face the eventual ordeal which is to free them or for ever destroy them. It is this that Hofmannsthal meant when he spoke of the 'Zauberflöte' quality in his tale. The Empress has won her shadow just in time. The Emperor is already a stone statue except for his eyes. Barak's wife, now shadowless, has fled from him and he seeks her, but in vain. All this the Empress is aware of. The moment comes for her finally to put on her mortal shadow. But the misery that has come to the good Barak and the unhappiness of his wife are too bitterly present to the Empress now and she refuses the shadow even while knowing that by so doing the Emperor's eyes will turn to stone and he be lost to her for ever. But this is a fairy story and a tale of magic. It ends in the happiness of both couples.

Strauss' music has been adversely commented upon by those who demand of a composer that each fresh work should be what they call an advance from the last. He is said to have composed 'Die Frau ohne Schatten' in his old style and to have altered from a Quality Composer to a Quantity Composer, a damaging judgement more apt to the 'Alpensymphonie', the work immediately preceding this opera. That the dismissive phrase could not apply to the opera should have been evident; but the harm was done and the opera has suffered accordingly. Yet to those who come to it without antagonism and who have read Hofmannsthal's exquisite novel before wrestling with the libretto, it has quality beyond its mere quantity of notes.

Had Strauss died then, this opera would have been spoken of as the ripe fruit of his creative work for the stage. But 'Arabella' and 'Capriccio' were to come; and now it is 'Die Liebe der Danae' that foreshadows the end, covering all in a shower of gold.



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were the price of entry to Horseman's  
Society where you could shake hands  
with the devil himself.



# Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

## TREATING WINE AND WAX STAINS

A SIMPLE WAY to treat wine and some fruit stains is to stretch the stained linen over a pudding basin, and keep it in position with a rubber band, or a piece of string. Next, sprinkle some salt on the stain, and then pour on boiling water—steadily and carefully. That ought to deal with most recent stains. If you are tackling a not-so-recent one, rub in a little glycerine beforehand. Let it soak in for a few hours before you follow up with the salt-and-boiling-water cure. Glycerine has a most obliging way of loosening a number of stains.

Now, about drips of candlewax on polished wood. The safest scraper is a stiff postcard. When you have used it to shave off the worst of the wax, you can wash the wood with a soft cloth wrung out in mild, warm soapsuds. Then go over the surface with a cloth wrung out in clear warm water, and, finally, rub the wood with a soft, dry cloth. Of course when it is completely dry it will need thorough polishing.

To answer a question from someone who is contending with fingermarks on playing cards—the result of games with the rising generation—what is wanted here is spirits of camphor. Take a soft, white, cotton cloth—an old handkerchief, perhaps—moisten it with the spirits of camphor, and rub the cards gently. Then wipe them with a second dry cloth. By the way, this treatment is for paper cards with a linen finish. Modern varieties with a plastic finish can be wiped clean with a damp cloth.

Next, I have had a query about looking after patent leather. There is an odd thing about this leather: it does not like the cold. Patent leather shoes are happy enough on their owner's feet—ordinary human warmth keeps them amiable. But they resent being snatched out of an icy cupboard and put on straight away. This tends to make them crack along the lines of wear. And if the weather is frosty, they will crack

anywhere. So it pays to put patent-leather shoes in a warm place for an hour or so before they are worn. About cleaning, you cannot feed patent leather with polish; it has no power of absorption; it is really a lacquer on leather. All that is needed by way of cleaning is a rub with a soft duster and a little white cream now and again.

RUTH DREW

## NURSING A COLD

If you get a bad cold, go to bed for the first day or two, if you possibly can. I know there are difficulties about this, but in the first twenty-four or forty-eight hours of a bad cold, bed is the best place for you. It is not only for your own sake, but for the sake of everyone else. It is in the first day or two that you are infectious and that you are liable to spread your cold to other people, and this may even be serious to infants and old people.

What can you do to relieve your own misery? You will find, I think, you do not want much to eat, but you do want a lot to drink—and you will like your drinks hot and sweet. Hot lemon with plenty of sugar; or blackcurrant tea: put a good big spoonful of blackcurrant jelly or jam in a glass, fill it up with boiling water and give it a good stir. Sip it slowly, as hot as you comfortably can. Apart from things of this sort, I find hot soup as near palatable as anything can be; at least the warm, hot feeling is gratifying.

For the raw, parched feeling in the throat, there are many gargles you can use. A simple one is made by dissolving two or three tablets of aspirin in a glass of hot water. It is usually unnecessary to say do not make things worse by smoking, because most people with a bad cold just cannot smoke. Indeed, one of the few compensations for smokers with a cold is the number of cigarettes they save.

If your nose is uncomfortable—leave it alone. Sniff, or blow it gently if you must; but do not on any account sniff or spray things up it while you have a cold. It will not do the cold any good and it may even do harm. My ear, nose, and throat specialist friends tell me that serious harm occasionally follows the use of sprays, drops, washes, and so on in the nose in the acute stage of a cold.

Last thing at night when you are safely tucked into bed and have not got to get out again, I suggest taking two tablets of aspirin or two compound codeine tablets and a really hot drink. This may make you perspire a good deal, but it should also ensure that you go off to sleep, and, with any luck, you wake up next morning feeling considerably better.

A DOCTOR

## Notes on Contributors

SIR HILARY BLOOD, G.B.E., K.C.M.G. (page 1109): Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Mauritius 1949-53; Barbados 1947-49; the Gambia 1942-47

SIR GEOFFREY VICKERS, V.C. (page 1113): Member of National Coal Board 1948-55; legal adviser to National Coal Board 1946-48; Member, London Passenger Transport Board 1941-46; Director General, Economic Advisory Branch (Foreign Office and Ministry of Economic Warfare) 1944-45

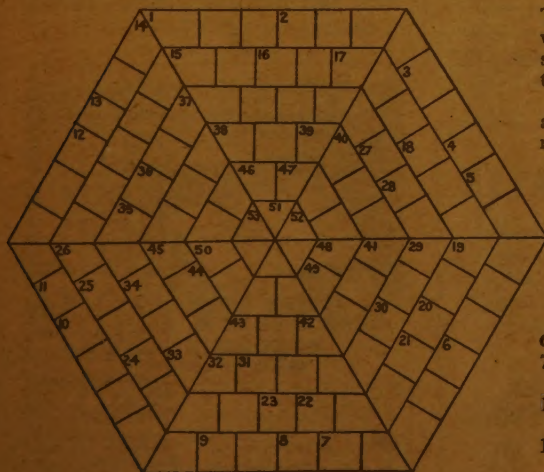
REV. J. S. WHALE, D.D. (page 1120): Visiting Professor of Christian Theology, Drew University 1951-53; Headmaster of Mill Hill School 1944-51; author of *The Protestant Tradition*, *Christian Doctrine*, *This Christian Faith*, etc.

PHILIP CARR (page 1128): formerly dramatic critic of *The Daily News* and *The Manchester Guardian* and director of the Kingsway, Court, and Royalty Theatres

## Crossword No. 1,339. Hexagrammatos—III. By Duplex

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, January 5. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The word-chain, beginning at 1 and running clockwise to the centre of the puzzle, consists of twenty-seven words, comprising the author's full name, the title of the verse and the verse.

Lyric: The novelist, critic, and satirist expresses a view that his own countryman prefers a tasty meal.

## CLUES

Where the words are indirect, three numbers will suffice to show the running of the words. Unless otherwise stated the words required are 'actual'.

- 2-38. Carried by the harnessed (mixed) (4)  
 3-27-28. Tooth of the wind could be more biting (4)  
 6-20-19. What the Chimney Sweeper slept in (4)  
 7-8-23. 'On lissom, clerical, and printless —' (3)  
 11-26-25. She was in a bang-up chariot (antonym) (3)  
 12-13-37. Number of happy brothers (antonym) (4)  
 14-13-36. The green ones of Shannon (mixed) (5)  
 16-15-1. The world and asses each do this in a different way (mixed) (4)  
 17-39. It was stiff and blind (synonym) (3)  
 18-4-5. Brothers do it with care (synonym) (3)

- 29-30-21. Flecker's was serpent-haunted (antonym) (4)  
 31-9. Sluggard bidden to consider her ways (3)  
 32-34-45. Minny Maud Hanff's Jim (mixed) (5)  
 33-24-10. The jolly miller constantly did this (4)  
 40-41. Home for the honey-bee (mixed) (4)  
 41-48-49. How the ink in the pen ran (antonym) (3)  
 42-23-22. Washington Inn swipes (4)  
 43-44-50. 'For Christmas comes but — a year' (mixed) (4)  
 47-46-51. 'The half is greater than the —' (synonym) (3)  
 52-49. 'Three jolly Farmers once — a pound' (3)  
 53-35-36. Over these in love! (5)

## Solution of No. 1,337

B	E	A	R	D	E	N	V	U	E	N	D
G	A	R	I	S	M	G	I	D	U	T	S
A	G	E	S	H	I	E	N	C	H	E	O
D	Y	L	O	O	N	R	E	D	A	E	M
O	M	I	N	T	I	C	E	L	E	G	I
C	O	N	A	L	S	D	N	O	A	L	
I	N	I	N	E	I	M	I	N	E		
D	O	N	A	K	T	O	A	S	T	O	
D	E	N	I	O	E	A	S	P	A	U	S
G	N	I	N	F	O	R	A	A	G	A	R
A	N	M	U	T	B	O	T	O	T	N	E
H	O	T	H	I	A	N	T	N	E	M	U

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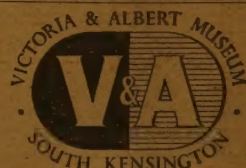
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